THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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FRED'S SACRIFICE

Written specially for The Western Home Monthly.

"The thrush is singing its heart out,
'Midst the budding orchard trees;
The cuckoo's shrill, familiar shout
Comes on the scented breeze—
'Tis spring in dear old England!

"The gorse and broom, on moor and hill,
Gleam golden in the sun;
The breaths of shy primroses fill
The morning first begun—
'Tis spring in dear old England!"

The lines ended abruptly with a blot that looked suspiciously like a tear-drop. Fred Derrick gazed stupidly at the scrap of paper which he still held in his hand, emotions many and varied making his heart ache and throb. The handwriting was that of his wife. He had gone to her desk for an envelope he had wanted and there he had lighted upon this fragment of poor little verse which he knew meant so much to the writer.

A year ago he had brought his bride from the old country to try their fortune in "golden Canada." He knew it had grieved her to part from her mother and sisters, but he had little guessed how severe the wrench had been. She had always been so bright and cheerful, taking such a pride in her tiny house, their farm and stock.

There were times, of course, when she had sighed to him for her mother and sisters, but she had always appeared satisfied when he had said: "Have patience, darling, we will have them out in two years' time."

When he could afford the money, he had made up his mind to send for them, but just then he was saving up to buy a good team of horses. Up to the present, his oxen had served his purpose well, but his ambition was to have a team of horses. For this purpose he was hoarding up his dollars, and the bundle of notes in his pocket-book was steadily increasing.

He had not told his wife—he was keeping it a secret, thinking what a pleasant surprise it would be to her when he would drive up one fine day with a spanking team, and tell her that it was their very own. He thought guiltily, miserably, of his hidden hoard, his secret ambition, as he read again the fragment of verse and felt the yearning for "home" that ran through it.

Meg had always been fond of books and poetry, he remembered, and at home she had been able to follow and cultivate these tastes to a certain extent, but since their marriage she appeared to have but little time for reading or anything else beyond her housework.

And yet all the time her tastes were the same, lying dormant for want of opportunity to spring into life—and she had been suffering silently and patiently. He started as he heard her voice calling him, and had barely time to slip the paper within her blotting book when she entered, an open letter in her hand, her face happy and excited.

"A letter from home, Fred! Isn't it lovely? Mr. Roberts has been to town and brought our mail back with his; wasn't it kind of him?"

She was too pleased to notice her husband's flushed face and perturbed manner, but she sat on his knee watching his face as he perused the letter.

"Well!" she cried, eagerly, when he had finished, "don't you think there's something suggestive about that one sentence of mother's?" and she repeated—

"I should dearly love to be with you when your baby is born and so would the girls—we won't despair yet, however; much may happen in two months, and we may be with you after all."

"Oh, Fred, wouldn't it be lovely?" she cried, hiding her face upon his shoulder. "Do you think it reads as if they might really come?" He stroked her hair, kissing her flushed cheek, and replied slowly—

"Yes, I think it does—in fact I should not be a bit surprised if they are here in less than two months."

He meant what he said, for the resolve that had dimly formed itself when he had read her scrap of verse had steadily grown. He would send his hoard of dollars home to England by the next mail—the horses could wait another year.

"You would be quite happy then?" he asked her, wistfully.

"Quite. What more could I wish for?"

"You would love your home more, and not hanker after England?"

"I could not love my home much more," she answered him, indignantly. "I love every bit of it, but it will be many a long year before I can love Canada as well as my native land, dear old England."

Her eyes filled with tears and her voice broke, and as he kissed and soothed her, Fred wondered for the hundredth time at the steadfastness and faithfulness of womankind.

He duly posted the draft by the next mail, not without a sigh, perhaps, for his fine team of horses, for he was only human, and he had set his heart upon that team. However, he had not much time for regret the following six weeks. He had his breaking and seeding to do, and in his spare moments another bedroom to add to his house.

The Way the Story Ends.

The spring days sped away, the extra room was finished and Meg had furnished it prettily, putting white muslin curtains to the little window and pictures on the walls, until it looked as cosy and homelike as love could make it.

One glad May day, Fred brought a letter from the town bearing the Winnipeg postmark. It contained a few lines from Meg's mother saying they were staying a few days in that city en route for Saskatoon, and giving the probable date on which they hoped to arrive. Of course Meg was in the seventh heaven of delight. "I knew it! I felt sure they were coming," she cried. "I wonder if Aunt Mary has made them a present of their fares? Someone must have advanced them the money."

Fred thought of his horses, sighed, and smiled, and then joined heartily in his wife's eager preparation. He drove into the town on the appointed day and met the evening train by which, sure enough, his mother-in-law and her daughters arrived.

I will pass over that first happy moment when Meg felt her mother's arms around her, and heard her sisters' gay, young voices exclaim—

"What a charming little house, Meg!" We have had a delightful journey, and we have quite fallen in love with Canada already."

It seemed almost too good to be true to Meg to hear her sisters' laughing voices in the house, and to look into her mother's loving eyes.

"I cannot believe it is true," she cried, between laughing and crying. "I think I am the happiest young woman in Canada."

When the merry little supper was over that evening, the mother put on her glasses and taking out her purse handed her astonished son-in-law a roll of notes, and with a twinkling tear and smile said—

"Here are your dollars back, Fred. We did not need them, thanks to Aunt Mary. All the same, my dear boy, the girls and I thank you very, very much for your kindness."

"It was awfully good-natured of you, Fred," the two girls chimed in. "We hope you have not wanted the money. You see, Aunt Mary died, and to our amazement left Mother £500, and us three girls—you as well, Meg—£300 each, so we felt mighty independent, I can tell you, and decided at once to come out to Meg for a time, at any rate."

Meg, looking rather pale and bewildered, gazed from one to another, then, as light dawned upon her, turned accusingly to her husband—

"You sent the money home? Oh, you bad, deceitful, darling old boy. I want to box your ears, but I must really kiss you instead," and she did, until Fred felt himself to be the luckiest man in Canada at that moment.

Afterwards, when he went out to "feed up," leaving the women together, he felt the roll of notes in his pocket with a wry face. "After all, my sacrifice was in vain," he muttered. "That team is as good as mine."

Aunt Mary's legacy came in very useful; it enabled the young people to buy many things for the home and farm that before they had felt they must do without, and before many years had passed they had one of the largest and most prosperous farms in the Northwest.

Interesting Facts.

Mount Sopris, near Glenwood Springs, Col., 14,200 feet above sea level, is to be made into a summer resort. Among the unique attractions will be the perfection of a natural toboggan slide which may be used all the summer months.

In 1901 the population of England and Wales a square mile was 558. In 1900 the population of the United States was 21.4 a square mile, so Britain is comparatively crowded.

Runaway horses are unknown in Russia. No one drives there without having a thin cord with a running noose around the neck of the animal. When an animal starts the cord is pulled and the horse stops as soon as it feels the pressure on the windpipe.

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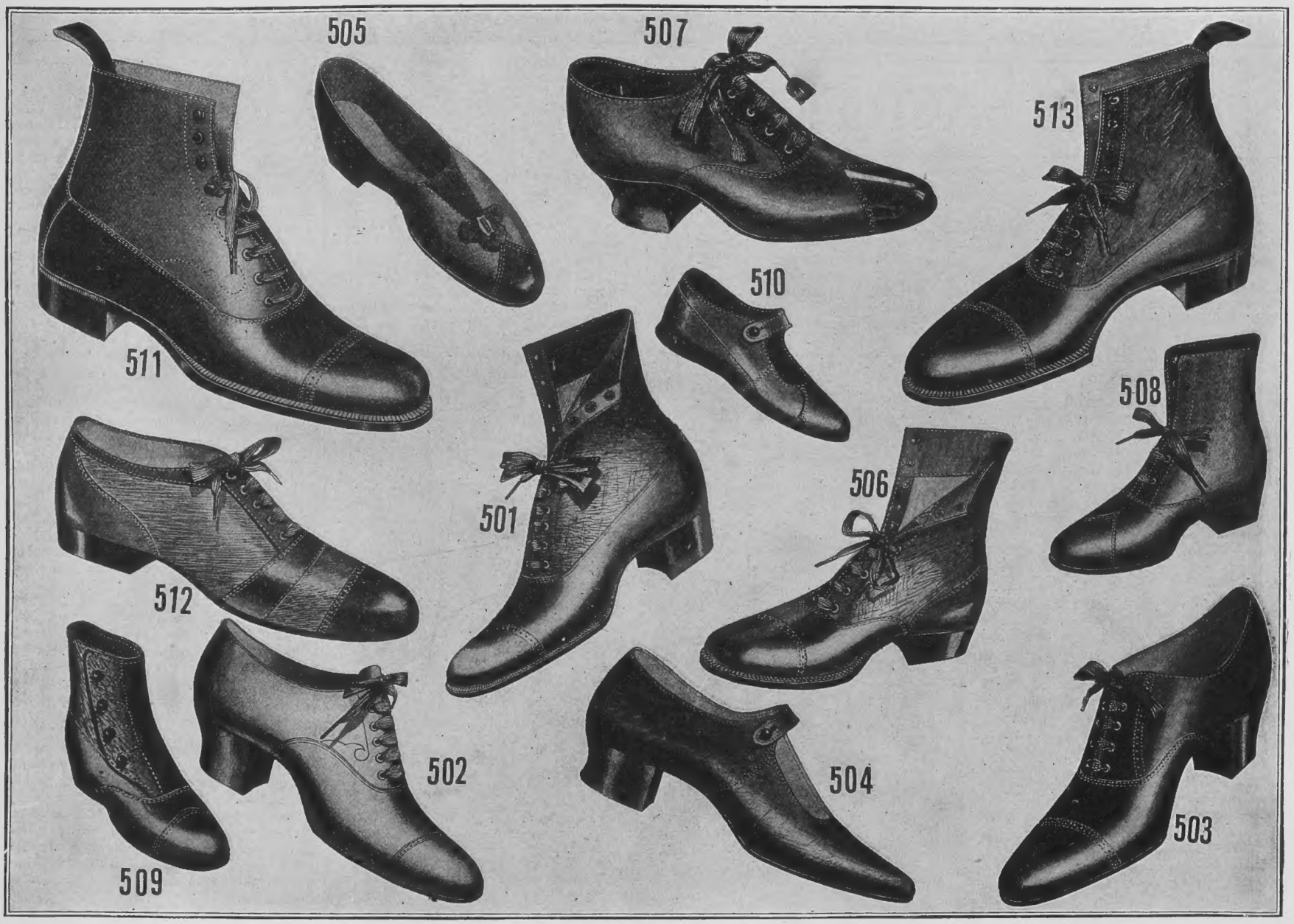

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No. 501 Made of extra quality fine flexible calf leather, very durable, solid leather sewn sole, full round toe, with double toe caps, seams well sewn, a good fitting boot. The most famous ladies' line in Canada for the price. Sizes 2½ to 7, width E. Regular price $2.50 per pair. *Special sale,* **$1.79**

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No. 502 Made of extra fine vici kid, tan color, new shaped toe, with neat toe cap, new military heel, shoe well arched in the instep—which adds to the fit and appearance, seams well sewn, flexible sole. This is a very fashionable shoe for summer wear. Sizes 2½ to 7. Regular price $2.00 per pair. :: :: :: *Special sale,* **$1.49**

Ladies' Kid Shoe

No. 503 Made of fine imperial kid, hand turned sole, new military heel, foot form shape, neat round toe with toe cap. A very dressy low shoe. Sizes 2½ to 7. Regular $1.50 per pair *Special sale,* **$1.18**

Ladies' Strap Slipper

No. 504 Made of good quality dongola kid, medium round toe and medium low heel, hand turned sole, flexible, neat and durable. Sizes 2½ to 7. Regular price $1.25 per pair. :: :: :: :: *Special sale,* **98c**

Ladies' Prunella Slipper

No. 505 Made of light prunella, sewn leather sole, low heel with elastic in front, patent leather tip, a cool slipper for the house. Sizes 3 to 7 (no half sizes). Regular 60c per pair. :: :: *Special sale,* **42c**

Misses' Boot

No. 506 Extra good quality dongola kid, low heel, round toe, sewn sole, very suitable for summer wear. Sizes 11 to 2 (no half sizes). Regular price $1.35 per pair. :: :: :: :: :: :: :: *Special sale,* **99c**

Misses' Low Shoe

No. 507 Smooth buff leather, patent tip and facing, sewn sole, neat, light shoe. Sizes 11 to 2 (no half sizes). Regular price $1.00 per pair. :: :: *Special sale,* **84c**

Child's Boot

No. 508 Soft pebbled leather, solid leather sole, low heel, with double toe caps, an excellent boot to wear. :: :: :: :: Infants' sizes 5 to 7½. Regular $1.00 per pair. :: :: :: :: :: :: *Special sale,* **78c**

Child's sizes 8 to 10½. Regular $1.25 per pair. :: :: :: :: :: :: *Special sale,* **92c**

Child's Boot

No. 509 Dongola kid, spring heels, marvellous value, buttoned only. Sizes 3 to 7 (no half sizes). Regular 50c per pair. :: :: :: :: :: :: :: *Special sale,* **36c**

Child's Slipper

No. 510 Child's dongola slipper, good quality kid leather, strap over instep, spring heel. Sizes 3 to 7 (no half sizes). Regular 50c per pair. :: :: *Special sale,* **34c**

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No. 511—Our Leader Fine vici kid uppers, goodyear welt extension soles, well sewn, swell shape, English back strap up back to prevent ripping. Sizes 6-11. Undoubtedly the best value in the country for $3 50. *Special sale,* **$2.49**

Canvas Shoes Men's, Boys' and Youths'

No. 512 Brown canvas uppers, tan leather toe cap, with leather strap over instep and around heel, medium weight sewn sole, cool for summer wear. :: :: :: :: :: Men's sizes 6 to 10 (no half sizes). Regular $1.25 per pair. :: :: *Special sale,* **92c**
Boys' sizes 1 to 5 (no half sizes). Regular $1.00 per pair. :: :: *Special sale,* **84c**
Youths' sizes 11 to 13 (no half sizes). Regular 90c per pair. :: :: *Special sale,* **73c**

Boys' & Youths' Boot

No. 513 Good quality smooth buff leather, solid leather sole, seams well sewn, strap up back to prevent ripping, medium weight, but will stand hard work. :: :: :: Boys' sizes 1 to 5. Regular $1.75. *Special sale,* **$1.39**
Youths' sizes 11 to 13. Regular $1.50. *Special sale,* **$1.16**

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A POST CARD WILL BRING OUR **CATALOGUE** TO YOU WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY

Bessie's First Milking Lesson

Written specially for The Western Home Monthly.

The majority of his friends declared that Bob Foster had made a mistake in marrying a city girl.

"She is no wife for a young Western farmer just starting in life," they said, shaking their heads wisely. "A girl who has probably never seen a pig in her life, and scarcely knows the difference between a horse and a cow."

This was an exaggeration, no doubt, though pretty Bessie herself owned laughingly that she knew nothing of farm work and had never seen a cow milked in her life.

"Nevertheless, I intend to learn to milk just as soon as ever Bob has time to teach me," she cried, her little mouth set determinedly and her brown eyes dancing with eager anticipation.

City bred or not, everyone after seeing and talking with Bessie, was obliged to admit that she was one of the sweetest, prettiest and dearest girls in Canada. Bob, of course, said it was impossible for them to think otherwise, and one fine day in early spring proudly conveyed his young wife to the neat little home he had prepared for her with his own loving hands in the far Northwest.

"Oh, Bob, what a darling little place!" Bessie cried, delightedly, when her husband had carried her, sleepy and very weary, from the wagon and had set her down in the middle of the living-room. The wife of a near neighbor, when she saw the wagon in the distance, had run across and lighted a fire in the stove, and had also kindly laid the table for supper, so that everything looked very cosy and home-like to Bessie's tired eyes.

"It was kind of Mrs. Scott, but she said she would," Bob said, in answer to his wife's comment. "I think you will like her; she is older than you and will be able to teach you lots of things."

Bessie made a little grimace, and sometime afterwards when they were having supper, said—

"Bob, I suppose Mrs. Scott understands all about poultry and pigs and—things, and of course she can milk?"

"Of course," smiled back Bob, amused at her earnest face and puckered brow. "She has been married quite a long time now, you see, so she has had plenty of time to learn."

"And I must learn, too, Bob, at once," declared Mrs. Bessie, nodding her bright head at him. "I don't want Mrs. Scott to say I'm a useless city girl, and that you had no business to marry me."

"All right, darling, you shall learn right away," he answered, soothingly.

"To-morrow?" eagerly.

"Well, yes, to-morrow, if I have time," he replied, somewhat doubtfully.

But there was so much to do on the morrow that neither had time, and many succeeding to-morrows found them still busy, with no time for a milking lesson with Daisy, the pretty white cow. Bob was busy seeding, and Bessie found the time slip away rapidly with her washing, baking and cooking, and the decorating of her home. Pretty white curtains went up at the windows, pictures were hung on the walls, her books and his arranged on the shelves he had made her, her tea and dinnerware to be unpacked, and last but not least, her wedding presents to be set out on the sideboard and occasional tables. It was a tired but supremely happy little bride who laid her head on the pretty frilled pillows every night, but at last a day came when Bessie found she had not much to do, and her thoughts flew to the milking lesson. She fed the fowls regularly now and had given them all names; the pigs she had also ceased to be afraid of, and though every evening she closely watched her husband milk Daisy, the process was still a mystery. She still urged for the promised lesson, but her husband was aways too tired or too busy.

"I am sure I could do it; please let me try," she would coax, but it was always the same answer—

"Another time, little woman; see what a lovely evening it is—don't let us waste it here," and so they would go down to the creek for a stroll or across to the Scott's house for a gossip, and again the milking lesson was put off. But Bessie was quite as determined as ever to master the art of milking, and though she said no more to Bob about it, she waited an opportunity to try alone and unaided. One day at dinner-time Bob announced his intention of driving into the town, some six or eight miles distant, for a load of oats.

"I suppose I should have started this morning, but anyhow I shall be back before dark," he said. "I wish you could come with me, dearie, but it would be a bit uncomfortable coming back with a load of oats behind us."

They both laughed, and Bessie replied, cheerfully—

"I shall be all right, dear. I have plenty to do to pass the time away. What about Daisy, if you are not back by six?"

"She can wait. I shall not be far behind milking time. I could ask Tom Scott to milk her out in the pasture, but it really is not necessary to trouble him."

"Now, are you not sorry that I cannot milk her?" cried Bessie, slyly, her eyes dancing with mischief. She watched him driving away, waving her hand to him until he was out of sight, and then turned away into the house to pass the afternoon as quickly as she could.

Six o'clock came, but no sign of Bob, so Bessie tied on her sunbonnet and ran down to the pasture where she found Daisy serenely browsing. She just caught sight of Tom Scott disappearing across his own pasture, a milking can in either hand.

"I suppose he has just finished milking! Well, I am just going to begin, but not here. No, sir, thank you, but in the stable all by myself."

She quickly tied Daisy up to her manger, threw in an armful of hay as she had seen her husband do, then drawing the milking stool close to the cow, sat down in a business-like way. Her color was high, her eyes bright, and her heart beat like a hammer, but she set her little teeth and determined to milk that cow or die. She steadied her trembling fingers and went to work vigorously but without apparent result.

"I suppose she knows I am a stranger and won't 'let it down,' as Bob says," she murmured, growing hotter and hotter as she pulled away for dear life. She worked hard for another ten minutes, still without any result, until her stock of patience was exhausted.

"Oh, if I was a man I'd beat you," she cried, viciously, "you obstinate creature, you!"

She brought her little hand down smartly on the cow's flank as she spoke, and this Mistress Daisy objected to; evidently her patience was exhausted also. With a wicked swish of her tail that sent Bessie's sunbonnet over her eyes, she lifted her leg and sent the empty milk-pail flying across the stable. Bessie rose hastily, overturning the stool, and made for the door, where she stood, frightened and angry. What should she do? Should she give it up, or try again?

She was not physically brave, but she possessed pluck and spirit, and the thought of Mrs. Scott and Bob decided it; she would try again. Perhaps Daisy was thirsty, poor creature—she had never thought of that! There was a bucket of water near, so she lifted it close to the cow's head, and coaxed her to drink. But no, after one sniff lady Daisy turned from it indifferently.

"Perhaps it's my sunbonnet she doesn't like," thought poor Bessie. "Bob doesn't wear one—what a stupid I was not to think of that before."

Off went the bonnet, and down sat Bessie as bravely as she could. The cow submitted to the little fingers for a few seconds, then, in a fine rage, brought her tail smartly across poor Bessie's face, and not only kicked the milking-pail flying as before, but also overturned the stool and Bessie.

With a cry of pain and terror, the poor little woman instinctively crept away out of reach of the cow's heels, and then buried her smarting face in the straw.

"Oh, the horrid, spiteful thing," she sobbed. "I'll never try to milk her any more. I'll get Bob to sell her and buy another one."

"Hallo! little woman; what on earth is the matter?"

She lifted a smarting, woe-begone face, and there was Bob standing at the door, amazed and concerned. In another instant she was in his arms, sobbing out her tale of woe upon his shoulder. He kissed and soothed her, his voice sounding queer and muffled even to Bessie's excited ears. Suddenly she raised her head and looked into his face, and he was nearly killing himself with laughing.

"Bob, you wretch, you are laughing at me!"

"Forgive me, darling, but I really couldn't help it; it's too funny," he gasped.

"Funny!" she echoed, indignantly. To be nearly blinded by an old cow, not much!"

"No, no, dear; I'm awfully sorry she hurt you, only don't you see, it really wasn't poor Daisy's fault; she couldn't help getting mad—because she has been milked already by Tom Scott."

"Oh, Bob!"—and then Bessie laughed and cried until she was on the verge of hysterics, and just then Tom Scott appeared at the door with a pail of milk.

"Sorry I couldn't bring it before, Mrs. Foster, but I was that busy, and I thought you wouldn't be particular to an hour."

"Certainly not, Mr. Scott. It was very good of you, I am sure," replied Bessie, busily tying her shady bonnet under her chin. You can tell Mrs. Scott that I have had my first milking lesson to-day, and got on fine. I am to have another one to-morrow"—her bright eyes darting a challenge at her husband.

She did, too, and to-day not even Mrs. Scott can beat her at milking, whilst she and Daisy are the best of friends.

"She and Daisy are the Best of Friends."

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No. 401 — Men's Neglige Shirts, as per cut, with detached cuffs, Zephyr cloth, Oxford cloth and Cambrics. Sizes 14½ to 17½. Regular $1.00. **Special Sale** **49c**

No. 402 — Men's Colored Cambric Shirts, as per cut, with detached cuffs. Sizes 14 to 16½. Regular $1.00 and $1.25. **Special Sale..** **69c**

No. 403 — Men's Neglige Shirts, as per cut, with soft collar attached, in stripes of blue, pink or black. Regular $1.00 and $1.25. **Special Sale** **69c**

No. 404—Men's Heavy Weight Shirts, with starched front, collar and cuffs attached, Oxford cloth, in stripes, checks and plum blue. Sizes 14½ to 18. Regular $1.50. **Special Sale** **$1.05**

No. 405—Boys' Shirt Waist, as per cut, made of Zephyr cloths and Chambrays, also in white duck with colored designs, starched detachable collar, with drawing-string at bottom of waist. Collar sizes 12 to 14. Regular 90c. **Special Sale**..... **56c**

No. 406 — "Mother's Friend" Boys' Shirt Waist, as per cut, made to button on inside band of knickers, starched cuffs and detachable collars, choice colorings of blues, greys and tans. Collar sizes 12 to 14. Regular 90c. and $1 00. **Special Sale**..... **64c**

No. 407—Regulation Sailor Collars, as per cut, in three sizes — small, medium and large, navy blue, butcher or military red, drill trimmed with white. Regular 45 and 3.c. **Special Sale** **25c**

No. 408 — Men's "Ascot" Ties, as per cut, in cotton washable materials in fancy checks and stripes. Regular 25c. **Special Sale, 15c. each or 2 for**..... **25c**

No. 409 — Made-up Silk Sailor Knots, as per cut, in great variety of colorings and designs. Regular 25 and 35c. **Special Sale** **17c**

No. 410—Midget Ties, Silk, as per cut. Regular 25c. **Special Sale, 2 for**... **35c**

No. 411—String Ties, as per cut, in cotton washing materials, stripes and checks. Regular 15c. **Special Sale, 3 for**..... **25c**

No. 412—Men's Silk Derby Scarfs to tie, as per cut, in light, medium and dark colorings. Regular 50c. each. **Special Sale**..... **32c**

No. 413—Boys' Hose, as per cut, with fancy turn overtop, heather mixture, all imported goods and good wool. Sizes 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9-inch foot. Regular 65 and 75c. per pair. **Special Sale**..... **46c**

No. 414 — Boys' Ribbed Black Cotton Hose, as per cut, fast color, strong, serviceable article. Sizes 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8. Regular 20c. **Special Sale** **14c**
Sizes 8½, 9, 9½. Regular 25c. **Special Sale** **17c**

No. 415—Youths' Suits, as per cut, in good serviceable Tweeds, light, medium or dark colorings. Sizes 32 to 35 chest. The regular prices are 6.50, 7.00, 7.50 and $8 00. **Special Sale** **$4.65**

No. 416—Youths' Suits, as per cut, in fine Tweeds, in medium and dark colorings. Sizes 32 to 35 chest. Regular 7 00, 7.50, 8.00 and $8.50. **Special Sale** **$5.00**

No. 417—Men's Two-piece Flannel Suits, single-breasted sack coat and trousers, colors grey, olive and navy blue, with contrasting colored stripes, also in grey checks. Sizes 35 to 42 chest. Regular $6.50. **Special Sale**..... **$4.35**

No. 418—Men's Three-piece Suits, as per cut, in good Tweeds, light, medium and dark colorings. Sizes 35 to 42 chest. These are broken lots of our regular $9.50 and $10.50 suits. **Special Sale**..... **$7.65**

No. 419—Men's Three-piece, Double-breasted Sack Suits, as per cut, in choice Tweeds, medium and dark colorings, all sizes. Regular $9.50 and $10 50. **Special Sale**..... **$7.65**

No. 420—Men's Covert Coats, as per cut, in imported Tweed with herring-bone stripe, colorings grey or fawn. Sizes 35 to 42 chest. Regular $8 50. **Special Sale**..... **$6.15**

No. 421—Men's Two-piece Flannel Suits, as per cut, double-breasted sack coat and trousers, colorings grey, olive and navy blue, with stripes of contrasting colors. Sizes 35 to 40 chest. Regular 6.50, 7.00 and $8.00. **Special Sale**..... **$4.85**

No. 422—Boys' Two-piece Suits, as per cut, in good Tweeds, in medium or light greys, fawns and fancy mixtures. Sizes 22 to 28. Regular $3 50 and $4.00. **Special Sale**..... **$2.35**

No. 423—Boys' Linen or Crash Suits, as per cut, Norfolk jacket and knee pants. Sizes 25 to 29. Regular $1.50 and $2.00. **Special Sale**..... **$1.05**
Sizes 29 to 32. Regular $2.00 and $2.50. **Special Sale**..... **$1.35**

No. 424—Regulation Man-of-War Suit, as per cut, in navy blue Serge, with detachable duck collar, flannel vest. Sizes 00 to 8, to fit boys from 5 to 10 years. Regular $4.00. **Special Sale**..... **$2.98**

No. 425 — Boys' Tweeed Suits, as per cut, in light, dark or medium colorings, greys, fawns and fancy mixed effects. Sizes 24 to 28 chest. Regular 4.00, 4.50 and $5.00. **Special Sale**..... **$2.82**

No. 426—Boys' Two-piece Suits. as per cut, in medium and dark colors, good, strong, serviceable Tweeds. Sizes 23 to 28. Regular $2.50 and $3.00. **Special Sale**..... **$1.85**

Mail Orders filled promptly. Write to-day.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.
The Great Traders of the Great West. — WINNIPEG

"Your money back if goods are not satisfactory."

O'CONNOR CASTLE

Written specially for The Western Home Monthly.

Two centuries had elapsed since the O'-Connors fell heir to the estate. Lord Michael O'Connor, a bachelor in his sixties, was in possession at the beginning of this story. He was an ideal landlord and had the respect and love of all his tenants, who occasionally made bold to suggest that he ought to marry and keep the estate in his own line of descent. At such times, Michael jokingly replied:

"When I'm older I may find a sweetheart to my liking and marry her."

"We want O'Connors of your type to be landlords of this estate forever," said the tenants.

The fact is, he was seriously considering marrying Eileen McCarthy, a characteristic Irish beauty, of pure soul, high purpose and noble family. Before retiring, one night, he wrote a note, seemingly for no purpose, unless prompted by some premonition. It was as follows:

"If I should die before the morning breaks, I pray the next heir to O'Connor Castle, whoever he may be, if unmarried, will wed Eileen McCarthy and thus unite two noble Irish families. May none but true born Irish ever possess this estate.—Michael O'Connor."

"P.S.—What nonsense to write! I'll certainly marry her myself before many months.—M.O'C.

He threw down his pen and rang for his servant. "Bring my night lunch," he said.

"Been writing to his lady love," repeated the servant to himself as he glanced at the note on the table.

The sun was far up in the heavens the next day and the lord of O'Connor Castle had not rung for his servant. Fearing something was wrong, he entered his master's bed-chamber and at first glance thought he was sleeping. Nearing the bed, with noiseless tread, the death-like pallor and pinched features alarmed him. He laid his hand on the face—it was cold and stiff. He started back with a shriek. Turning to give the alarm, he saw the note, written by his master the evening previous. He placed it carefully in the drawer with other papers which he knew were of importance, locked the drawer, put the key in his pocket, and ran out of the room.

Amid great lamentations, the body of Michael was laid to rest.

Who will be the next heir? was asked on all sides.

The news of Lord O'Connor's death reached the lowly cabin of his nephew, Cass O'Connor, in a remote part of Ireland.

"Sure," said he, to the woman who lived with him, "I'm glad enough he's under the sod."

"It's not becoming for a nephew to speak in that manner," she replied.

"Be jabers! I don't care, continued Cass. "He cheated my father out of his rights; now I'll get them back with interest, begorra! The dead cannot kick, so we'll live in style, and no mistake."

"Was your father the rightful heir?"

"No, but he owned some fine property adjoining the estate, which my uncle always coveted. My father got in debt and borrowed money from my uncle, who took a mortgage. It came due one month before my father was able to meet it. The mortgage was foreclosed, the property taken, and we were penniless. When my father got the money, he refused to give him back the property. He brought his family down here —only one child—and died when I was a lad. Mother soon followed. A neighbor took me to share his poverty and brought me up in comparative ignorance."

"Have you seen the castle?"

"I do not remember it, and never wished to go there while my uncle lived."

"I'll be glad," replied the patient little woman, "to leave this miserable cabin, where pigs, dogs and donkeys enter at will."

Anxious to make a favorable impression, Cass donned his blue stocking snuff-colored corduroy knee-breeches, blue velvet vest, swallow tailed coat, and black slouch hat. Arriving at the Castle, he announced to the dignified, liveried porter that he was the new master.

"You cannot enter here," he replied, "till your heirship has been proven."

"How dare the like of you question my right to take possession of my own? I'll cause you to regret your insolence," sputtered Cass, as he made an effort to pass the porter.

"Go slow," said he; "you're not of the castle-born type of O'Connors. I have my orders, and none but rightful heirs shall enter the castle."

"Here's my proof," roared Cass, as he pulled an old family Bible from one of the long tails of his coat. The porter examined it.

"It has the appearance of being genuine," said he, "but you look like a fake, so be off with you!"

In great wrath and with many bitter threats, Cass left.

Other claimants were soon on the scene, but the courts finally pronounced Cass O'-Connor the lawful heir.

On the triumphant return of the new master, the porter was so humble and respectful—outwardly—that he was retained in his position.

While looking through his uncle's papers, Cass found the note referring to Eileen McCarthy.

"I have heard of her," he muttered, half audibly, "and if it was not for that one obstacle I'd marry her myself. Beautiful! Good! And the sole heir to the McCarthy estate," he ejaculated. "Be jabers, it would be a fine thing to get my hands on that fortune, too. Since I am lord of O'Connor Castle, any lady could be persuaded to marry me." His breast heaved with excitement. "I'll remove that hindrance, so sure as there is a heaven above. Let me see how! Murder? No, not quite that bad. Fortune favors the brave. I'll find some way."

Concerning many matters, Cass consulted the porter, who had been at the castle for many years.

"Have you visited the east tower," he asked.

"No, I've been too busy with other things."

"There is a secret entrance into it, known only to me. It is in a dilapidated condition and requires repairing. Come this way.

Daisies in the Field.

The upper part can be reached from this hall. Press your hand on that spot and the entrance to the stairway will open. From the inside this door can be slid at will. Follow me."

Cass entered at the opening, but not without first placing his hand on his hip pocket to be sure he had his pistols.

"What was the purpose of this tower having a secret entrance?" asked Cass, after going through dingy passages and up several flights of stairs.

"As a place of safety for those in the castle in case of any uprising of the people. Large quantities of ammunition and arms were once stored here, but removed when your uncle took possession of the estate. This is where the repairing is needed, or the stone-work will soon give way."

"You are right. I'll have it attended to immediately. Capital!" he muttered to himself. His mind had not been idle while inspecting the tower. "This place will exactly serve my purpose. Arrah! I shall marry Eileen McCarthy before twelve months pass."

The porter was given two months' vacation with full pay. During his absence the work in the tower was rapidly pushed to completion. A new secret entrance was made and the old one walled up. The flat next to the top was made into two commodious rooms. They were furnished in luxurious style and provided with every commodity for comfort and good ventilation.

Cass returned to his old cabin and took the woman who had lived with him there to the castle. But few knew their true relationship, and those few were now bribed to secrecy.

The porter came back promptly, and was appointed superintendent of affairs, while Cass went abroad to prepare himself for his new position.

"Lord of O'Connor Castle" was passport into the society of the rich and noble. By what seemed mere chance, he met Miss McCarthy and her father in England and was invited to come to their home on his return. His stay abroad was short, and he visited the McCarthy's. In due time an engagement was brought about—against the wishes of the young lady, it was whispered.

Before the close of the year, as Cass had prophesied, he brought Eileen McCarthy to the castle as his bride.

With the passing of years, he grew impetuous and tyrannical with his servants, indifferent and inconsiderate toward his wife. At night he wandered through the castle like one demented. No one was allowed out of his room between midnight and dawn. His three sons were nearing manhood and he wished to get them away from the castle.

One evening, as he was sittting with his wife in the library, he said:

"Eileen, we must take our boys and leave this country for a time; a change might benefit me."

"Where do you propose to go?"

"To Canada."

"You astonish me, Cass; what do you know about Canada?"

"Hundreds of people are going there on every ship that sails that way."

"Why do you wish to leave your native land? You can get a change nearer home, without interfering with the boys' education, and we have every comfort and luxury here that money can procure."

"To tell the truth, Eileen, this place is haunted, and a curse rests upon all those who live within it."

"Nonsense, Cass, there is no such things as ghosts, and curses are usually of one's own making. If you are afraid of curse or ghost, be a good man and your fears will take wings and fly."

"There is no use trying to be good. It is too late for me, and my name is Cass O'Connor."

"Your notions are an hallucination."

"I wish they were."

"The O'Connors have been a noble race."

"Yes, 'have been'," echoed Cass. We must leave this place."

Eileen had often been heard to say "I love the grass, the trees, the flowers; my heart is wrapped up in this estate."

"I cannot go," she replied. "Oh, Cass, it will break my heart! Must I walk these paths no more—hear the restful murmur of the brook only in dreams? Every nook and corner in the castle is dear to me."

"You know not what you say," interrupted Cass.

"Do tell me what you mean by the place being haunted, and the curse."

"I hope you'll never know. Perhaps after we go to Canada the spirit will depart and be at peace."

* * * * * * *

The next time we saw the O'Connor family they were on a farm in the backwoods of Canada. The expression of patient sadness on the face of the high-born wife and mother told of many trials endured.

The father and sons had been killing hogs and were preparing the meat for market.

"Why don't you go back to Ireland, Father?" asked the eldest son, Patrick. "I'm sick of working on this horrid farm, when we have enough to live the life of one's choice. I'd like to go on with my education and make more of myself than a clod-hopping farmer."

"Education be hanged! Life on the farm is good enough for you," angrily replied the father.

"Think of poor mother, too, living a lonely, sad life. I'll tell you right now I'm done with the farm. I'm the next heir to the O'Connor estate and will go there and get to the bottom of an old man's folly."

"I swear you'll never go while I live! You've no more right there than the other boys."

"That's so! Not a bit more!" voiced the brothers.

"You'll see whether I have or not," reiterated Patrick, as he turned to leave the barn.

"Where is Patrick?" asked the mother, when he did not come to supper.

"Gone to town with a load of meat," was the reply.

"How very foolish," she said, "when he knows the danger of being attacked by wild animals at night."

Days passed and Patrick did not return. The mother's intense anxiety was made unbearble by the stolid indifference of the father and brothers. She expressed her fears to the neighbors, who proved that Patrick did not leave for town. Not a horse was missing from the stable or a sleigh from the shed. The father and brothers were arrested. No trace of Patrick or his body could be found by the authorities, and the prisoners were about to be released.

"Have you searched on the hill?" inquired the father, appearing to be anxious to find his son.

The search was renewed. In a rough box, buried deep on the hillside, overlooking the O'Connor farm, they found the body of poor Patrick.

The prisoners confessed their crime and were sentenced to be hanged. Later the father was liberated because he was an old man and had not struck the fatal blow, and two to die for one was thought enough.

The grief-stricken mother returned to Ireland with her criminal husband, intending to leave him when within reach of her own people.

They once more entered the castle together. What a change!

"I cannot live with you any longer, Cass," said Eileen. "You have slain my sons, blighted my life, broken my heart! All for what? I know not. This day I go forever from you and all you possess."

Cass opened the drawer of the table in which he had found the note written by his uncle, and put something in his coat pocket.

"Eileen, you say 'all for what? I know not.' If you wish to know, follow me. I'll not harm you. Nothing matters to me now."

He walked toward the door leading into the upper hall of the castle. Tremblingly she followed. He opened the secret panel and they entered the passage leading to the last tower. Silently, solemnly, fearfully they ascended one flight of stairs after another till they reached an iron door at the top of what seemed the last flight of stairs.

As Cass turned the key in the lock, it made a hollow, ringing sound. The door flew open, and a stifling, musty odor floated out. They entered and glanced warily around. The room was in perfect order, with the exception of some bits of writing paper scattered on the floor.

"This way," said Cass, as he drew aside the rich draperies, which separated the first room from the second. "There is the cause of all our trouble," he said, pointing to a bed.

Horror of horrors! There lay the skeleton of a woman in a black silk gown, hands clasped as if in prayer.

"Here lies all that is left of the wife of my poverty," he said, as he drew nearer. "I brought her from the cabin and imprisoned her here to marry you. When we went to Canada I left her to starve. I visited her every night before we went away and supplied all her wants. I need not tell you how those visits nearly crazed me. I did it all for you and your money. The devil told me that was the road to happiness and I believed him. The poor thing loved me, too. My cruelty has had its reward in this life—no joy— no happiness—the despair of the lost possessing me. I am now done with it all and shall leave you to follow out the holy ambitions of your life, which have been a constant rebuke to me.

Eileen stood as one transfixed, gazing upon the robed skeleton. Cass' words were to her like sounds afar. A pistol shot brought her to her senses, and she beheld the body of Cass O'Connor fall lifeless in the prison chamber of his murdered wife. Thus ended the first tragedy of O'Connor Castle.

"The love of money is the root of all evil."

The Month's Bright Sayings

Harper's.

"A Scotch laboring man who had married a rich widow exceptional for her plainness was accosted by his employer. 'Well, Thomas,' he said, 'I hear you are married. What sort of a wife have you got?'"

"Weel, sir," was the response, "she's the Lord's handiwork, but I canna say she's His masterpiece."

Marie Corelli.

If I were asked my opinion as to the chief talent or gift for making a home happy, I should, without a moment's hesitation, reply, "Cheerfulness."

C. F. Raymond.

If you have "push," you'll not need a "pull."

Earl Grey.

It is now admitted that Japan is the land not only of the "Rising" but of the "Risen" sun.

J. Israel Tarte.

We ought to hold ourselves compact, if we do not wish the West to lead us. It already begins to lead us. We have always treated it as a spoiled child, let us take care that it does not become an "enfant terrible."

Byron E. Walker.

We are to be rich; are we to be wise? We shall perhaps be eventually among the first in commerce; shall we be among the first in Arts and Letters? Unless we attain that distinction we shall not succeed.

Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor).

You recognize do you not, that in all that is best in our country's history, the Sabbath day has had a large influence. It has never stood in the way of any advance.

Hon. Frank Oliver.

The Dominion Government could afford to give away land and to advertise the fact that it had free lands for gifts to settlers.

Dr. Gunsaulus.

The truth is, that the most profound and inclusive question to be raised with reference to the greatest of the servants of mankind is this, how did he endure?

Ald. J. C. Gibson.

If there was cheap power brought into the city, then at very little outlay it would be possible to double, if not treble, the lighting of the city.

Hon. Clifford Sifton.

Canadians have got past the stage where it is thought necessary to starve one portion of the country in order to promote the prosperity of another.

Prof. Vincent.

If you want to have a spontaneous uprising of the people arrive on schedule time, you must provide for it in advance.

"Cook" McGill's Janitor.

Don't blame me if you have to pay for supplemental exams. Expenses are high, and we must meet them someway.

Dr. Wm. Osler.

Like the church the physician has three enemies, namely: ignorance, which is sin; apathy, which is the world; and vice, which is the devil.

Israel Zangwill.

Vulgarity does not reside in Verbalisms, but in the whole texture of a song or a scene; and so till the public itself shudders over a low idea as a classical scholar over a false quantity, no censorship on earth will refine the stage.

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And supplies of all kinds.
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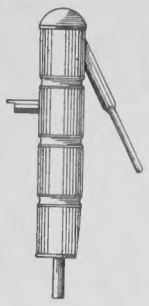

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WRITE US! **$5.50**

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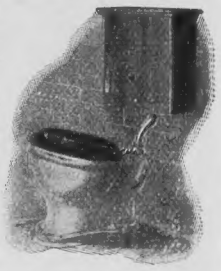

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OUR FREE BOOKLET ON **MUSIC LEARNING** *AT HOME for PIANO, ORGAN, VIOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO, CORNET and MANDOLIN,* tells how you can learn to play any instrument without leaving your home. It is free and will interest you. Send your name to U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 63D, 19 Union Sq., N.Y.

No Cash to Pay Until Fall, 1905.

MAY & JUNE

are the Best Months to Make Money Raising Chickens

Chicks hatched then grow more rapidly and require less care than at any time of year, and the knack of running the business successfully is acquired under the most favorable circumstances.

One good May or June hatching will bring out a brood of chicks that sell about October 1st for enough to pay for an Incubator and another batch can then be started that will get the chicks out in time for the Christmas market. The next batch will be ready for the March and April market, "broilers" commanding the very highest market prices.

A good Incubator is the foundation of real success in poultry raising, bringing the whole matter from guesswork to certainty. We furnish you with a

Chatham Incubator

on easy terms. No cash to pay until November, 1905. By that time it should have paid for itself.

Nothing else raised on a farm pays like this, and the beauty of it all is that the women folks or children can easily attend to the very small amount of work there is to be done. Half an hour or so a day is all the time required.

Getting the right Incubator is pretty nearly the whole thing. The Chatham is the safest and surest Incubator made. It does the trick; 100 per cent. hatches every time if the eggs are fertile. Rather than go into details of construction here, we will print a few out of many hundreds of testimonials:

Brighton, Ont., April 15th, 1905.

The Manson Campbell Co.,
Chatham, Ont.

Dear Sir,—I told you when I received my Incubator and Brooder that I would let you know what success I had with my first hatch. When the Incubator arrived I went and got eggs to put in it, and as I was anxious to get it started I took all the eggs I could from the party, and he had only enough so I could not pick them over. There were some small ones and some long and narrow, and as I afterwards found out he was keeping twenty-seven hens with one cockrel, so they did not look very good on the start. I put fifty-six eggs into the Incubator and followed the instructions closely, and I got fifty chicks, two having died in the shell, which I think is first-class. They are all strong and lively. I am sorry I did not order the 100 size instead of the 50. I have it now filled with sixty white Wyandott eggs I wish you could tell me where I could get a good poultry paper, something that would suit a beginner.

Yours truly,
R. H. BARAGER,
Box 234. Brighton, Ont.

P.S.—I would rather attend to an Incubator than one hen now. There is some satisfaction in knowing that if you look after them you will get chicks.

Valens, Ont., April 15th, 1905.

The Manson Campbell Co.,
Chatham, Ont.

Dear Sir,—The incubator that we purchased from you on the 18th Jan. last is certainly a dandy. Out of a No. 2 incubator with 83 fertile eggs I got 76 chickens, and they are all strong and healthy. I used 1½ gallons of oil. I think there is no better incubator in the world.

Yours truly,
MRS. JOHN ROBSON,
Valens P.O., Ont.

MANSON CAMPBELL.

We have similar letters from every State in the United States, and every Province in the Dominion.

Every Incubator we put out is the best kind of advertising we do, for it sells many others for us by its never-failing results.

FREE BOOK.
A Complete Guide to Poultry Profits.

The Chatham is built on honor, and its construction and workmanship are as perfect as an experience of fifty years and ample capital can make them.

The Chatham was the first Incubator made that was good enough to admit of its makers taking chances that it would make its cost for the poultryman before it was paid for.

Don't imagine for a moment that it is any longer possible to make big poultry profits by setting hens. As hatchers hens are as out of date as stone hatchets.

If these erratic, uncertain birds are kept busy egg-laying instead of wasting their time setting, the poultryman will pocket a good many extra dollars in profit.

If you want to get full particulars on the subject and learn all the details of successful Incubator hatching and profitable poultry raising send to-day for our superbly printed book, "How to Make Money Out of Chicks." It's FREE.

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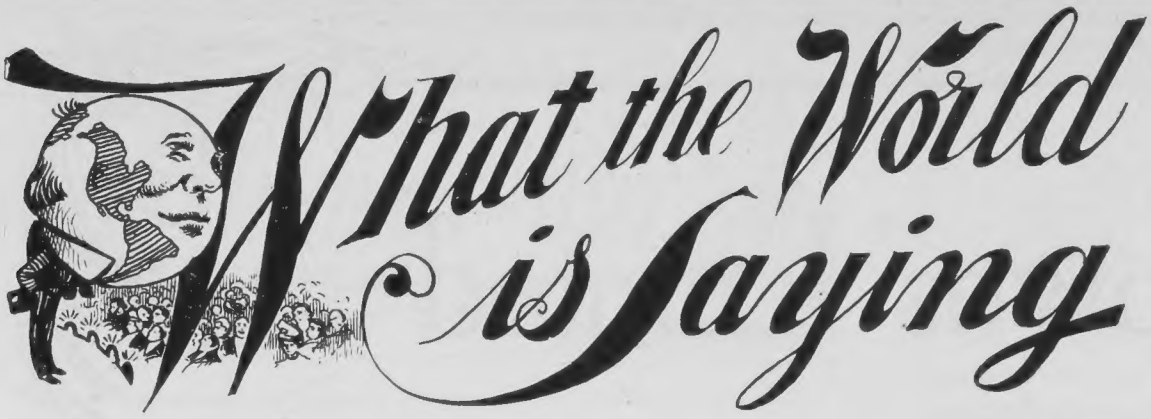

Rider Haggard and Immigration.

RIDER HAGGARD, the author and publicist, addressing the Canadian Club at Toronto, recently asked why Canadians did not make their great country and its vast resources better known. The impression his speech gave was, that few people were looking towards Canada as a possible home. A glance at the facts will show that this country is getting its share, and more than its share, of emigrants. Says the Presbyterian: "The immigration in Western Canada last year was 50,374 from the British Isles, 45,171 from the United States and 34,785 from Europe, a total of 130,330. It is estimated that this year there will be into the same country a total immigration of 180,000. In 1900-1 the total immigration was 49,149. So that the estimate for this year shows an increase of 130,857 over the opening year of the century."

Mr. Carnegie in a New Role.

HITHERTO, millionaires have displayed little originality in the selection of objects upon which to bestow gifts. Colleges and charitable institutions have come in for the greater share of their benefactions. Mr. Carnegie, however, has discovered in the college professors a class of men whose calling is high, but whose purse is slender. For their benefit he has established a trust fund of ten million dollars to provide retiring pensions. He says: "I have reached the conclusion that the least rewarded of all professions is that of the teacher in our higher educational institutions. The consequences are grievous. Able men hesitate to adopt teaching as a career and many old professors whose places should be occupied by younger men cannot be retired."

The Grand Trunk Pacific with the Bonus Revolver.

IT IS THE CUSTOM of large corporations to hold up towns and cities for bonuses. The East has been done to death by exploiters of the municipal treasury for selfish ends. If a company so large, rich and influential as the G.T. Pacific has descended to such methods, it is to be deeply regretted. The Banner, of Russell, says: "The G.T.P. makes a great mistake when it goes about in Western Canada peddling special favors in the way of railway connection to the towns and cities it may, if it likes, pass. We are sure that the friends of the new road feel ashamed and disappointed when they see the favors of the road in the way of divisional points, repair shops, etc., being sold, or offered for sale to the towns along the route. It is by no means a creditable business for any railway company to engage in, much less a great national enterprise like the Grand Trunk Pacific." The writer has expressed the sentiments of all who stand for purity of national and commercial life when he says: "It should have no privileges of any kind to sell, and all its plans should be based upon the primary interests of the traffic which it is to carry and of the country which it is to serve."

Chicago Learning From Glasgow.

CHICAGO has the municipal ownership fever, a complaint which makes periodic attacks on large cities. The peculiarity of this case is the physician to whom Chicago applies for healing. It is Glasgow. Mayor Dunne has discovered that the Scotch city can teach even Chicago a thing or two about civic government. Have the heavens over Chicago fallen? Chicago, the windy and self-satisfied, asking advice from anyone is a sorry spectacle; but when that advice is asked of a British city her humiliation is complete. The sound of cracking from knees that have hitherto been unbending will be heard by the dust of past civic pride, but it will not make that proud dust dance with delight. Whether she likes it or not, Chicago can learn from Glasgow. In the latter city politics do not enter into the municipal life. There are no political divisions in the city council. The Lord Provost has no patronage and no civil service law is necessary, because public sentiment would not stand the spoils system. The affairs of the city are conducted on business principles and not political prejudices.

Why Goldwin Smith Came to Canada.

IT HAS BEEN A SURPRISE to many that one so distinguised in the realm of letters as Goldwin Smith should divorce himself from the cultured atmosphere which surrounds Oxford. Prof. Smith has published his reasons. "I am described as being brought to the New World by dreams of wild vanity which I thought the New World could alone realize. I had settled down for life on my professorship at Oxford, and had built a house there. I was called away and obliged to resign my chair by a sad domestic duty, in the performance of which I had to spend a year and a half. Then, having no special employment, and being in much need of change, I gladly accepted the invitation of Mr. Andrew White to help him in the formation of Cornell University for the special benefit of poor students. Having lectured at Cornell for two years, I came to reside with the branches of my family settled before me in Canada. It happened that at the time of leaving England I had before me an offer of the nomination of my party for a parliamentary constituency. I had a similar overture after settling here."

An English View of the Autonomy Bill.

LEADING English journals are giving attention to the question which at present agitates the mind of Canada. The Daily Chronicle occupies a front rank position in English journalism. It advances this dispassionate view of the case: "Advancing age, failing health, spiritual intimidation and probably a desire to make peace with his own church before it is too late, have made Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was the hero in the great fight which decided that a separate school system should not be forced on Manitoba against the will of the Manitoba legislature, a pliant and willing tool in the hands of the hierarchy. The fight will go on even if the bills are passed. There will be resistance and litigation, and a constant struggle till the West receives constitutional autonomy. To yield to the Roman Catholics is merely to provoke further demands. We are convinced that the lessons of events will compel friends of liberty to range themselves under the banner of secular education by the state, and religious education by the churches." This is an intelligent view, and the position taken the one that shall ultimately come to be universally acknowledged.

Shall Canada Have a Navy?

MR. SANFORD EVANS thinks she should. In his speech at the second luncheon of the Canadian Club of Winnipeg he said: "I say that in the matter of defence we cannot afford to be in a position which is not self-respecting, and is not such a position as any ordinary man would regard as self-respecting in his own affairs. In proportion to our population, wealth and interests, we should provide defence. We know that the great defence is a nation ready to go to war." These remarks sum up the general thought on the subject of a Canadian navy. But are they true? Exploiters of the navy idea assume that we are a nation and not one in the making. Canada occupies the same position to England as a child does to the parent. The respect of either is not lost so long as the child is a minor. There may be a time when we shall need a marine defence; that time is not yet. Canada can do more to the interests of peace without a navy than with one. There is a disposition on the part of many of our public men to tranfer to our Dominion institutions which have made for the destruction, rather than the upbuilding of older nations. If the day comes when England has urgent need of more battleships, she will find Canada standing at her side with her purse open.

Startling Figures About the Grand Trunk Pacific.

CANADIANS are an optimistic people. Their detractors sometimes charge them with being blind to every color but the "rosy" when their country and its possibilities are in question. The following figures as quoted by the Regina Leader are an unmistakable evidence that our national hopefulness has a solid basis in fact. "The G. T. P. will commence in June. This gigantic enterprise will mean the addition of 3,500 miles of main line to the 19,000 of track in the Dominion. Mr. Hays stated that 20,000 persons will be added to the railway employees of Canada. If this number were only paid $2.00 a day each on an average, it would require $14,600,000 a year to meet their wages. It will take 10,500,000 ties and 500 men working steadily for three years to produce them. There will be 7,000 miles of rails, or 1,232,000 rails and 42,000,000 spikes. It is estimated 500 locomotives will be required, costing $7,500,000. At an average cost of $700 each, 30,000 freight cars would cost $21,000,000. The passenger cars at $10,000 each for 500 would come to $5,000,000. In addition to these materials, there are bridges, stations, telephones, switches, water tanks, telegraphs, and many other facilities for carrying on a great railway." This stupendous railway system must inevitably be followed by others. Canada is only in its babyhood commercially speaking.

The Advantage of an Advertisement.

THE VERB "advertise" is the line of demarcation between the business which is a success and that which is not. To one man it smacks of cheapness and fake, but to the broad-gauged merchant it is a word to conjure with. His advertisements are his best salesmen, and every dollar invested brings a steady stream of returns. No business exists which cannot be advertised with profit. The problem is, how to do it? Beyond a peradventure there is profit in it, else large and small enterprises would not put so much money into it. In American Industries Frank E. Bolles has an informing article on the subject. "To advertise a business successfully one must have a thorough knowledge of the product and the difficulties encountered by marketing it. He must also possess a knowledge of the various mediums, know their relative value, and the fields they cover. Even then the problem is not an easy one. This is particularly true if but a small expenditure is to be made, as there are innumerable ways to spend the money and one must use greater care in his selections." Mr. Bolles may be congratulated for his sanity when he says: "Say what is to be said briefly. Make the arguments strong and truthful. Never exaggerate, as the result is more than likely to be disastrous in the long run."

The Success that is Present and Popular.

SUCCESS is a goddess whose favors are heaped upon few. We wish to succeed, and to succeed now. Some fill all the conditions laid down by such guide books as "How to Succeed," and still the present and popular brand is not attained. Of course, ordinary success may be had in the ordinary way, that is, by average intelligence, industry, good habits and the choice of a congenial calling. But these routes do not always lead to the popular goal, and that is the terminus to be reached quickly. Dr. Robertson Nichol, in the British Weekly, has some discriminating remarks about immediate success. Of preachers he says: "The most popular preachers are not the best preachers. The finest preachers have been popular, but only within limits. The best preachers have made a more lasting and wide appeal to readers than hearers. The effect of their work has travelled far and is more permanent and intense; but you do not see people waiting at the doors of their churches. The popular preacher has physical recommendations. He is helped by a charm of voice and manner. There is in him something of the magnetic element. He has in his mind what is not commonplace; but he has also a large commonplace element. He says good things, but what he says can be understood." The writer treats the journalist and the novelist in the same way. But this does not give us the secret of popularity. The best we can say of it is, that is temperamental—a combination of qualities which give their possessor that most precious thing, present success.

British House of Commons.

THE CALM aristocratic dignity of the British House of Commons has been disturbed recently over the fiscal question. It is to be regretted that the House lost its head. On the other hand, the celebrated assembly soon recovered its dignified equilibrim, and felt ashamed of its acrimonious outburst. Ottawa should note this, and take a lesson.

Edward Brown
President

Browns' Limited

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Managing Director

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Large and thoroughly complete is the stock in this great department. Everything that is new in Women's, Misses' and Girls' Suits, Cloaks, Skirts and Waists are here in profusion. RELIABLE GARMENTS AT RIGHT PRICES is the motto of this large and thoroughly complete department.

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The immense salesrooms of this department are filled exclusively with specially selected stocks of Men's and Boys' Ready-Made Apparel. We do business on a large scale; the goods are bought for cash—that means we can sell for less. These facts also enable us to secure the choicest productions of the leading manufacturers.

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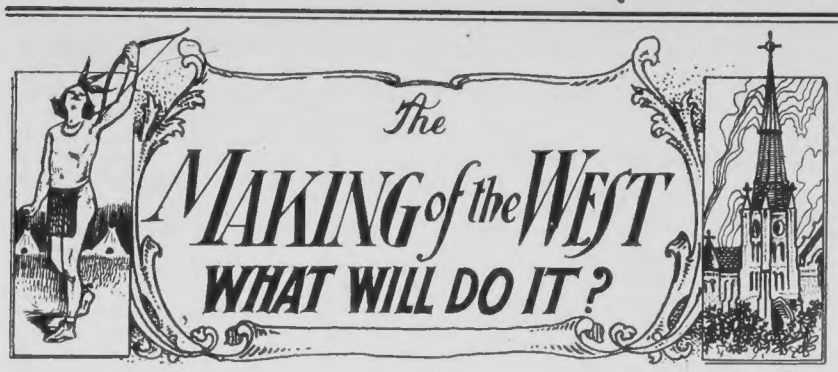
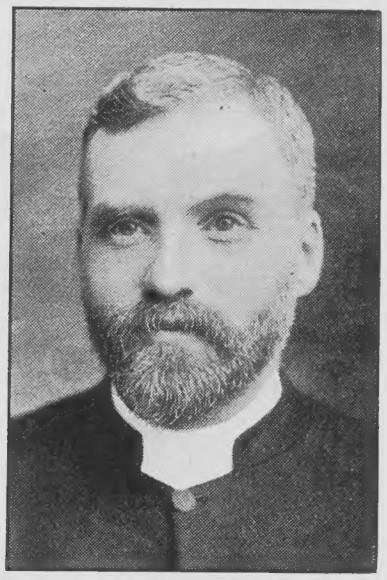
We send goods to any part of Canada. Distance from Portage la Prairie need not hinder you from profiting by the extensive facilities of this store. You will save money by trading here, for no store in the country is better equipped to supply your needs and will do more to deserve your confidence and patronage. BROWNS' LIMITED, of PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, solicit your Mail Order business and guarantee complete satisfaction and full value for money spent. *SEND FOR OUR 1905 CATALOGUE.*



Principal Patrick on the Needs of the West.

Sir,—To set forth what the West needs in the compass of a short letter is as difficult as to preach a three-minute sermon—a difficulty which most sacred orators regard as insuperable. But in compliance with your wishes I shall specify what I hold to be the chief needs of the West at the present moment.

The West needs more Christianity. The Christian is the ideal citizen. The highest manhood and womanhood are possible only through Christianity, and the amount and degree of this manhood and womanhood are the sign of the greatness of a state. Every



Principal Patrick, Manitoba College.

one of us needs to become a better Christian if the West is to become what it should. And no effort must be spared to carry the ordinances of Christianity to the most distant quarters. On our civilization rests our Christianity.

The West needs more education. Why should education in Manitoba not be compulsory? Those who need it most are not getting it. Why, too, should there be no educational test before leaving school? Much of the money spent on education is wasted; witness the bad reading and spelling which are so common. In this country no scholar should leave school without a love for nature, books and art.

The West needs greater respect for industry, for the plough, the saw, the trowel, the forge, for labor in all its forms. Too many do their work carelessly, coarsely, badly. Bad work is bad conduct.

The West needs to learn how to spend money. We want to have comfort, beauty, grace in the home and all that surrounds it. But we must eschew the vulgar display of wealth, costly viands, sumptuous entertainments, rivalry in expenditure. Prosperity has its duties and one of these is to contribute its full share to the common welfare. The time has come when our wealthiest men should give largely to public objects, should found and endow schools, colleges, churches, hospitals, libraries and public parks. This is the true use of wealth from a Christian standpoint.

The West needs greater freedom from party spirit. The tone of public life is low. Our newspapers are unscrupulous, intolerant, untruthful. Men are loyal to their party at the expense of their conscience and their judgment. Why should not the capable and the honest men who form the great body of the public not refuse to be led by men of whose characters, motives, language, and acts they disapprove.

The West needs more public spirit. The ablest men do not serve the community as they should. They decline to take the necessary pains or to pay the necessary price, but they themselves and their households and the whole community have to endure the loss and humiliation due to ignorance, incapacity, vanity, weakness, and presumption. The West is sound, but it needs leadership.

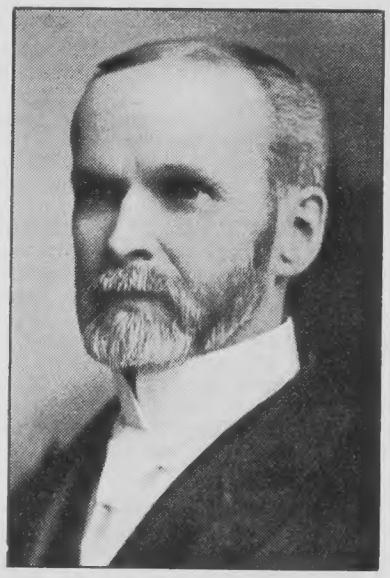
Finally, the West needs the grace of modesty, humility, reticence and dignity.

Ever truly yours,
Wm. Patrick.

Manitoba College, May 19, 1905.

Principal McDiarmid on the Kind of Immigrant the West Needs.

The broad expanse of fertile soil in the Canadian West, with climate so propitious to grain-growing and stock-raising, furnishes material conditions for the making of a great nation. Transportation facilities, so necessary also to the development of the nation, are keeping pace fairly well with the growing needs. But these things alone, however great they are and however commensurate with the demands, will not make a country great. No country can be greater than the people who occupy it and develop its resources. Nor is it the number of people dwelling in a country that makes it great. With the census enumerator every man is equal to every other man. But in making his country great this is not the case. Some men are worth more to a country than ten thousand others. Many people are a detriment to the



Principal McDiarmid, Brandon College.

country in which they live. Their presence makes the country less desirable. They are a curse to it, and not a blessing. It is very apparent, therefore, that a first consideration in the making of our Canadian West should be the kind of people being built into its national structure. Right moral principles and practices are of the first moment. There are great evils becoming prevalent that, unless held in check, will work great damage to our country. The growth of the liquor traffic, gambling practices and kindred evils should rouse true patriots to earnest action toward the suppression of these destructive forces. We want a people of high moral instincts, and lofty purpose. We want such a people developed intellectually that they may rise to their highest possibilities of good. Make the people what they ought to be, and with the unbounded material resources of this land, the country will become great.

A. P. McDiarmid.

Brandon College, May 25, 1905.

The girl who owns a horse should know how to groom and feed him as well as be able to saddle for herself. Thus independent, she will find her horse a source of much pleasure and a sure remedy against megrims, or fancied ailments.

Mrs. George W. Lethbridge, of this City, to Her Friend, Mrs. Earnest Creasy.

King Edward Hotel,
Toronto, May 15, 1905.

My dear Ethel—George and I have just returned from Niagara Falls, where we had the loveliest time, though the weather was just too horrible for anything the first few days, as it rained continuously. I have been going to write you ever so often as I promised, but dear, you know how busy one is kept very minute of the time when one is making a short visit here. George never gives one a moment to stop, what with theatres, dinner parties, 'mobile runs, social engagements and shopping there is no rest. Yesterday afternoon we attended a concert, or rather I should say a piano recital. Knowing how dearly you love music, I felt dreadfully bad because you were not along. That long-haired musician, you know, with the foreign name which I cannot spell, was at the Morris piano, and the way he played made me sit fairly spellbound, and once I found myself fairly sobbing with sympathy. Oh, it was wonderful, but Ethel, dear, while some people marvelled at the performance, I was carried away by the tone of the piano, which was so responsive to every sentiment of the performer—when he seemed in a passion the notes were furiously loud and clear and resonant, and when his anger died away the sweetness and softness of the music was as gentle as a southern zephyr or the limpid waters of a purling brook. George, too, was so enraptured that he says he is going to Barrowclough's as soon as we get home to see on what terms we can exchange our piano for a "Morris." I have heard the Morris Piano company are very liberal and that their prices are actually as low as are asked in Toronto. At the recital I had my eyes wide open to catch sight of the newest in styles, for some of Toronto's most fashionable people were in the audience. A very large hat of rustic straw, tricked out with folds of—but I will be home in a few days, and I am going to see you every afternoon for a week to tell you about the millinery and dresses I saw at Eaton's. They were gorgeous. I hope I will be in time for Eaton's opening in Winnipeg. It will be a great event.

Sincerely,
GEORGIE.

P.S.—If you have time, Ethel dear, do please step in at the Morris piano store on Portage avenue. Mr. S. L. Barrowclough is manager, and is very obliging. Ask him to let you see the pianos, so that you may tell me on my return which case design you most admire.

Have you heard of the New Century Ball Bearing Washing Machine?

If you use it once you would ring this in on all your friends. It is the acme of perfection—you sit when using it—no handling of the clothes necessary to clean them perfectly—five minutes does a tubful. Costs only $8.50.

Your dealer can procure them. We will send a descriptive booklet on application.

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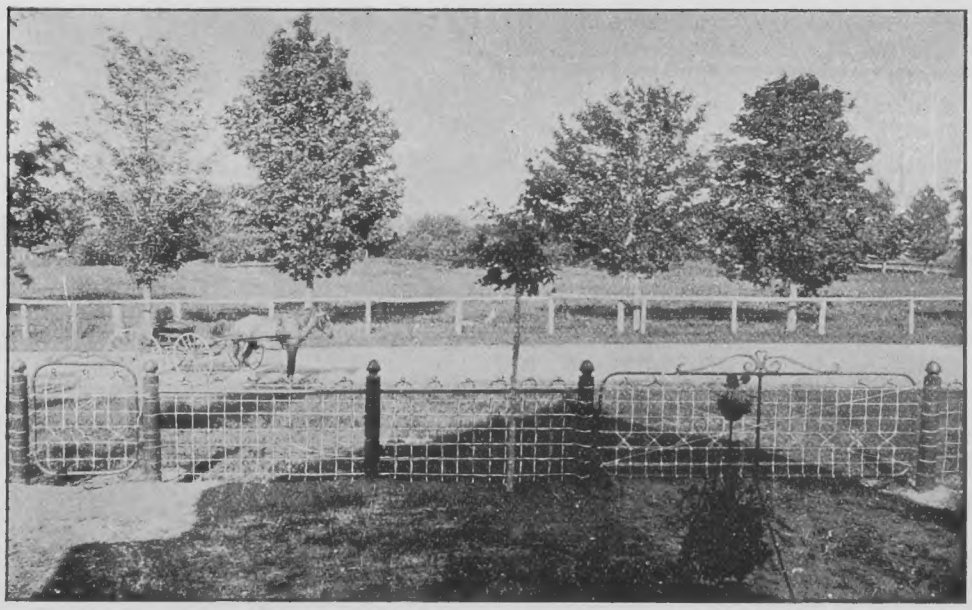

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RALPH CONNOR: THE MAN AND HIS WORK

By Cherrington Brown.

Interest has ever clung to the homes of the celebrated. I remembered with what veneration those occupied by Dickens, Carlyle and many of the world's famous ones were regarded by their admiring readers. Awe and veneration were the sentiments uppermost in my mind as I was ushered into the drawing-room of the famous

St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg.

author-preacher. The house appeared to be peopled with the children of his prolific brain. I half expected, as I waited, to hear the subdued, plaintive, yet authoritative voice of "Gwen" issue some slight command; and as for the celebrated "Shock," I was sure I could hear the heavy tread of his big and burly form in an adjoining room, as he buckled on his harness for "the football match" which was to be his last before "going west." There were footsteps above my head, but they were those of Ralph Connor. Even in this my fancy kept working, for I imagined those rapid footsteps to be keeping pace with a brain in the birth throes of another "Sky Pilot."

Conspicious, upon a table, were a copy of the Sacred Scriptures and the author's latest book, "The Prospector." Here was the man unconsciously revealing himself. The Bible and the novel are the weapons of his warfare, and by their aid he has become renowned not only as a writer of pure and wholesome fiction, but as a religious teacher and preacher.

Rev. C. W. Gordon is about five feet eleven inches in height, slender, lithe and spirituelle. One feels instinctively that he is a man's man. There is a frank ingenuousness about him, an indescribable winsomness that is at once the secret of his popularity and the source of his strength. Chas. Wagner and Chas. Gordon breathe the same moral atmosphere and move in the same altitudes of thought. They have an ardent passion for the "simple life," and their simplicity is their strength.

How He Came to Write His Books.

"How did you come to write your famous books?" I asked.

"Oh, the story is very unromantic I'm afraid. You see, the great Northwest, with its fine possibilities for the work got on my brain. I slept with it—dreamed about it. To me it was not a vast unpopulated country, but a delectable land—a new Canaan to be conquered for God. In those days immigration was slow, but as I listened I heard the tramp of coming millions, and my heart was sad at the meagre equipment of the church to meet their moral and religious needs. I was sent by Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of Western Missions, to see what could be done to interest the churches there in the work of the West, and to arouse their sympathetic interest. I failed largely. The East had its own problems to solve. I told the story of my failure to Rev. J. A. Macdonald, who Said he, "The columns of The Westwas then editor of The Westminster, and now editor of the Toronto Globe. minster are opened to you; put your case before the people in the form of a story." I then wrote my first sketch, which since has become the first chapter of 'Black Rock'."

How He Became Ralph Connor.

"This is very interesting, Mr. Gordon, and is not generally known, but how did you become Ralph Connor?"

Mr. Gordon smiled. "There is a good joke attached to the name," he said. "I had looked about for a pseudonym, for the signing of my real name at that time might have provoked criticism. At the last moment I sent a telegram to Mr. Macdonald, saying 'Sign Cannor.' But he didn't understand it. He thought the operator had made a mistake, and that 'Connor' and not 'Cannor' was to be the name. So 'Connor' it was. To Mr. Macdonald I am also indebted for the rythmic name of Ralph. My thought in selecting Cannor was, that it would combine the first syllables of the land I love, Canadian North-west, hence 'Can-nor.'

This was Mr. Gordon's beginning as a writer.

The projected story for The Westminster developed into "Tales from the Selkirks," afterwards published as "Black Rock." When the sketches were gathered into book form, Mr. Gordon experienced the same difficulty in getting a publisher, as has been the lot of many famous writers. He was told the book would not sell, being too full of religion and temperance. How the public devoured it is a matter of history. One edition followed another, until the sale of "Black Rock" in Great Britain, the United States and Canada has now risen to the neighborhood of a million copies. Nor has his success as a writer waned. "The Sky Pilot," The Man from Glengarry," "The Glengarry School Days," have had a like popularity, while the sales of "The Prospector" are still soaring.

"The success is well deserved," says a critic. "Sweetness, light and strength pervade Ralph Connor's work from beginning to end. The combination of genuine goodness with a sane and wholesome enjoyment of life, which is characteristic of the author, enters into his books and makes them irresistable."

Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor).

The Mother of Ralph Connor.

Ralph Connor has given to the world a good mother. In "The Man from Glengarry" and "Glengarry School Days" he has portrayed with vivid pen the possibilities of motherhood amid prosaic surroundings. Mrs. Murray has touched thousands of hearts outside the narrow confines of Glengarry. Knowing how deeply interested the public were in the personality of his mother, I said:

"Mr. Gordon, will you tell the readers of 'The Western Home Monthly' something about your mother?"

Mr. Gordon became reserved at once as he said:

"One does not like to publish the inner life of one's mother, but I can willingly give you the historic facts of her early life."

"Her name was Mary Robertson She was the daughter of a Scotch minister who came to America and was settled as pastor of a Congregational Church in New England. He afterwards moved to Sherbrooke, Quebec. He was of the same family as the late Professor Robertson Smith, and was related to Rev. Andrew Murray of South Africa. One of his daughters, Margaret Robertson, won a deserved reputation as a writer of religious fiction. 'Christie Redfern's Troubles' is perhaps the best known of her tales. My mother was a graduate of Mount Holyoke, and while still a girl taught philosophy in the well-known institute."

These certainly are bare and bald facts of a remarkable woman. They do not begin to tell the story of her holy influence. She might have filled any place in society or in the learned world, but love and duty called her to the toil of and limitations of a backwoods parish. She took up the work of a pioneer minister's wife with a shining face and a brave heart that never left her till the close of life. Says one who knew her, "No one could know Mrs. Gordon without feeling her charm. It is not necessary to speak of her patience, her sweetness, her intellectual alertness, her fathomless faith in God—these things have been commemorated in that noble monument which her son has raised to his mother's memory in the character of Mrs. Murray in 'The Man from Glengarry' and 'Glengarry School Days'."

The Future of the Novel.

I asked Mr. Gordon whether the novel with a purpose, such as his are, could be truly artistic.

"Well," he said, "whether the novel with a purpose can be truly artistic may be a moot question, but that the novelist with a purpose can be truly artistic has long since been established. Some of the greatest novelists in our language, and in other languages, have been moved to write by intense conviction, and earnest purpose. The stock examples that occur to one's mind are Reade's 'Never too Late to Mend,' Dicken's 'Oliver Twist,' and Harriet Beecher Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' In each of these the novelist has been conscious of purpose and has deliberately set forth to accomplish this purpose; but I question whether any great novel has ever been written that does not consciously or unconsciously, embody and convey the intense convictions and emotions of the writer.

One thing is certain, that the novel can hardly be excelled as a teaching medium. The schoolmaster announces his lesson and proceeds to overcome the inattention or stupidity of his

$26.00 will buy this elegant sideboard and give your dining-room that artistic "home-tone" so much coveted by every woman of refinement. The sideboard is built entirely of solid, quarter-sawed oak, finished golden, all handsomely flaked and is rubbed and polished to a piano lustre. The British bevelled mirror 18x36 ins. is set in a handsome top adorned with dainty raised carving. The case is composed of two top cutlery drawers, each with full swell front, a large roomy cupboard and linen drawer below, all fitted with cast brass handles. Top of case is 23x48 inches. In construction and finish, this board shows that great care has been given to details. Positively it is the greatest value ever offered in high-grade sideboards.

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$26.80 will place this golden oak dresser in your bedroom. The dresser is a beautiful article after the French type of boudoir furniture. It is built throughout of solid quartered oak, which means not only the top, front, and sides, but includes the legs, standards and mirror frame. The design is most pleasing, having a full swell front, pattern shaped, 24 x 30 inch British bevel plate mirror and daintily shaped standards. Trimmings are of cast brass of colonial design. The entire dresser is hand rubbed and polished. Top measures 42 inches in width and 22 inches in depth.

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pupil, and by a long process of drilling to finally secure a place for his lesson in the pupil's mind. The preacher announces his theme, and straightway challenges the criticism and the unbelief of his hearer. In each of these cases the very obviousness of the purpose almost increases the difficulty of its accomplishment. How different with the novelist. His ideas and sentiments he entrusts to the characters of his story, and straightway these knights of his fancy march all unchallenged right into the citadel of the mind of the reader, and almost without opposition take prominent and often authoritative place there.

Not only does the uniqueness of the novelist's opportunity lie in his power to make entrance for his ideas, but especially in his power to make them stick. We remember persons more easily than abstract ideas, and incidents in a story fasten themselves in the memory more firmly than do mere propositions. So that the novelist, by embodying his teachings in persons and doings, fosters them in his reader's mind more securely than can either the schoolmaster with well-drilled lesson, or the preacher by eloquent discourse.

"It must be a perennial source of delight to you, Mr. Gordon, that you spent the time you did amid the scenes you have so vividly pictured for your readers."

"It is. I have never been thankful enough to the Mission Board for sending me as a pioneer missionary to the Rocky Mountains."

"At what part of the Rockies were you stationed?"

"At Banff. Banff is situated in the midst of the magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains. There it was I found the material which I have since used in 'Black Rock' and the other books which treat of Western life."

(Continued in July number.)

The First American Kiss.

The first famous kiss to be given on American soil was given in the year 1492. Columbus had just landed on the island San Salvador. The long sea voyage, with all its dreary days of disappointed hope and wretched dispair, lay behind. After months of tossing on the ocean the solid earth was once more beneath the feet of the explorers. Anxiety and suffering were for the moment forgotten, and, with a heart overflowing with gratitude and thanksgiving, the great discoverer fell upon his knees, and, in an abandonment of inexpressible joy pressed his lips to the soil of the new world.—Selected.

Save, Save.

The first lesson a man is given to learn when he enrolls in the school which qualifies for success is to put by part of his salary every week. The truest friend in times of adversity is the bank account and the surest foundation upon which to build a fortune is the accumulated savings of months and years. The habit of putting money away is reflex in its action. The money itself is a valuable accessory, and the quality of mind and character developed through this habit makes for ultimate success.

The man who can calmly pass by the tinsel and glitter of civilized life, whose money is not drawn from his pockets by every tinkling sound, is a man who will have small cause for complaint at the world's treatment. He will develop beyond the influence of trifles.

A man who cannot withstand trivial temptations to spend money has not in him a stiff enough backbone to make a success of any venture. He could be turned aside from his undertaking by the first bauble that caught his eye. The stores, the streets, the places of amusement, all furnish temptation to a young man to part with his money. If his ideal, the purpose within him, is not stronger than these outside inducements his salary will be frittered away on unnecessary expenditures, and his life will be a failure. It is the order of mind such a course of action indicates that spells failure, not the mere fact of being without money, though the possession of a small sum of money has often made ultimate success possible.

Do the Hard Thing First.

A bank president was asked to what one thing more than all others could he attribute his success. He pointed to a small printed motto which hung above his desk; it read:—

DO THE HARD THING FIRST.

"I came across that motto years ago," he said, "at a pivotal point in my life. I had for some time felt burdened by my position. That motto was a flashlight to my intelligence. I suddenly realized that I had been in the habit of putting off the disagreeable duties, of evading the unpleasant tasks, and they had formed a ghost which haunted me and held me back. I tacked up that motto and settled down to work on the disagreeable duties I had pushed aside; soon I had them out of the way, and ever afterwards I attempted the hardest thing first. I gave my freshest efforts to the work I dreaded most, and I owe what is called my success largely to this awakening and change of tactics."

To Kill Canada Thistles.

An experienced farmer says that "if we had a quarter of an acre of Canada thistles we would let them alone until August, when the thistle will put forth its utmost efforts to produce seed. While the thistles are in full blossom we would mow them, rake them up and burn them, and then plow the ground about eight inches deep, throwing the furrow flat. Letting them put forth their full strength to produce seed and thwarting that by mowing and burning would weaken the roots materially. Then by plowing them under eight inches deep, if possible, you would attack them at their weakest point.

Another farmer says that having failed to kill them when small, he waited until just before the seeds had matured enough to germinate, as at this period the roots have become greatly reduced in vitality, having put forth all their energy to reproduce themselves, which they are sure to do a thousand fold. He then plowed them under about six inches deep, using a heavy chain to press them to the bottom of the furrow, so that they might be covered as deeply as possible. He took the precaution to follow with a hoe and see that every stem was completely covered with dirt. The result of this treatment was far more successful than expected, as the following spring but very few of the thistles appeared. As this spot of ground was not far from the house it was fenced, and made an ideal garden spot, as, after such thorough cultivation, it was free from weeds of all kinds."

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We have clients who have invested $20 00, $30.00, $50.00 to $500.00, and in a few months more than doubled their money. Their names may be obtained, and the particulars of the transactions ascertained by enquiring at our office, or we will write you if you ask; for instance, one client in January bought ten lots and paid $300 00 cash; in April he sold them at a profit of $500.00. Another man, living in Moose Jaw, invested in twenty lots in the same locality. He also paid $300.00 in January at the time of purchasing. The other day he sold his lots clearing $600.00 cash. This is being done right along.

Our property at River Heights is located in the most desirable residence section of Winnipeg. The growth of this city has been phenomenal and the advance in land values has been, and will be, in keeping with its development. Property in Stadbrook Place and Crescentwood has advanced recently from $10.00 a front foot to $40.00. River Heights property, now selling at $3.00 a foot, will do the same. Now is the time to purchase and make a few dollars double themselves. You need not build a house nor hold the property until you intend to move to Winnipeg to live. Simply but at an advantageous time, and even before the property has half been paid for on our easy instalment plan, turn over your money, making one hundred, two hundred or more per cent. profit.

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..... P.O. .....

..... P.O. .....

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..... P.O. .....

Names of people who have a camera or kodak:

..... P.O. .....

..... P.O. .....

Name of the Primary Teacher in our S.S. .....

..... P.O. .....

My Name ..... P.O. .....

Answers to Correspondents

All correspondence to be addressed to the Editor Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

The Correspondence Column of The Western Home Monthly is opened to our readers to express their views. We trust they will take advantage of this privilege and freely write on the subjects treated in the journal. Young men, particularly, are requested to write the editor about their problems.

Mr. Chas. J. Hart, of Carberry, writes:—"In your May issue you seem to endorse some imbecile comments of British immigration made by the Calgary Herald. Are we to understand that you consider the population of Canada so dense and congested that it is already necessary to refuse settlers who happen to be without wealth?"

No; we would not refuse settlers who are without wealth. But it was not the wealth of the immigrant we spoke of, but the health. We welcome poor settlers who are sound physically and clean morally.

Chas. S. Balmer, Cottonwood, Assa., writes:—In answer to "Just arrived," I beg to state that the Canadian people do not dislike the English, but they expect a man to do a day's work, and as a rule the Englishman is green and very slow; when they alter their way and get a hustle on they will be A1.

A Briton writes:—"Just Arrived" enquires in your May correspondence column if foreigners are preferred to Englishmen. There is no doubt whatever that Yankees are given preference over Englishmen—and not only over Englishmen, but over Canadians as well, as witness the scandal connected with a certain railroad company sometime ago—but then most Britishers do not regard Yankees as foreigners. With the single exception of the nation given above, Englishmen are given equal chances, if not better chances, with others and stand or fall upon their own individual merits.

A Friend of the Servants, Assiniboia, writes:—"Fort Garry" asks why servants prefer stores, etc., to a private home. Now I have been both mistress of servants in my own home in England, and for eight years a help in the United States, and I think I can tell "Fort Garry" the principal reason for girls working in stores to private houses. When their work is done, say at 6 p.m. in summer, they go home, eat, wash, change their clothes, and go off for the evening; then, during the day they have not a mistress to tell them this, that and the other, but their work is fixed for once and all. And there's no door to answer, errands to run, table to wait upon, etc., leaving that most hateful of all days—wash day—out of the question. Now, if mistresses would only strive to lighten a girl's tasks and shut her eyes to a friend calling occasionally, let the girl go after her work is done, like they do in the States, if she wants to, or go to her room for sewing or reading, etc., after the dinner is through, I think mistresses would have better fortune with their girls. Of course, I am speaking for decent women—not giddy girls of 16. I am 40 years of age, and a housekeeper to a bachelor, but if I could only find my ideal of a mistress I would rather live under one than to be so lonely. If "Fort Garry" cares to write me privately she may not regret it.

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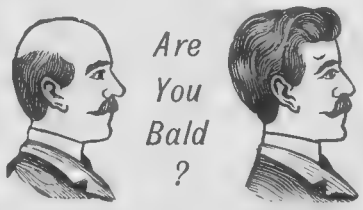

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AT THIS SEASON

the bodies of many men and women are quaking under the accumulation of impurities that possesses them. Sour stomach, discolored eyes, tired feeling, nervousness, headache, stomach pains, etc., are signs that an enemy lurks who knows full well that the human chain is no stronger than the weakest link and is ready to strike that link at its weakest stage.

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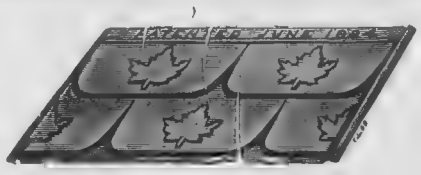

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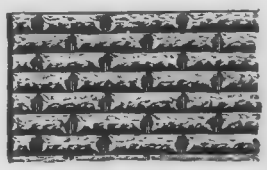

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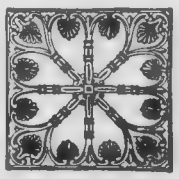

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(Signed)
JOHN BARRON,
Carberry, Man.

April 20th

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Orders placed with us will ensure you good value. We guarantee satisfaction.

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon.

This page is devoted to the things that interest young men. The editor has a genuine desire to help men of this class, and shall be glad if they will write him about themselves. He does not promise to answer every question, but he will do what he can in the space allotted to him.

The Young Man and His Religion.

"The reason why the young man's religion is important is obvious. The young men of England are to rule England in a few years. They will have the spending of England's money and the selection of her rulers, the making of English character. Is England to be a merely selfish, worldly power during the twentieth century or is she to be a missionary of Jesus Christ, an apostle of peace, an embodiment of the grace of God?"

Dr. Marshall speaks for every nation in these ringing words. A young man's religion is important, because the future of his country depends upon his attitude to it. The christian young man asks, how much of purity, nobility of character, can I put into the world? Everyone else asks, "How much can I get out of it?"

Paul said, "I am a debtor," i.e., I owe the life of God that pulsates in me to every one I meet. As the young men are to-day, the country will be to-morrow. So the question of one's religion is important. Is it pleasure, or politics, or drink, or what? A religion is the thing that finally decides a man's life. Young men should choose their religion quickly; but let it be a choice that shall link itself with God in His work of salvation.

Choice of a Career.

Student writes: "I am a student and nearing graduation. I shall be obliged to seek a position in the commercial world; but after studying for three years, I find a growing dislike to a business career."

The case of Student is by no means exceptional. His state of mind is one to which every student is exposed when he has tasted the culture of the schools. But even a student must live, and to live one must have bread and butter. If your desires run to teaching, get a position by all means as a teacher; failing that, get work at anything that comes your way. A student's mind is very apt to be full of vagaries. He lives in a world that is not vitally real. It is not always safe for him to decide his calling while he is in college.

The self-made merchant says, "The fact of the matter is, that we're all in trade when we've got anything, from pork to poetry, to sell, and it's all foolishness to talk about one fellow's goods being sweller than another's."

Manners as an Asset.

The following is from Success:

"We find a great many men and women side-tracked all along the pathway of life because they were not taught the value of good manners and of a fine, gracious courtesy in their youth. The result is they have grown up hard and coarse and repulsive in manners, and have not been able to win favor or attract trade or business. Their bad manners have handicapped them in their careers."

We publish the above because it cannot be repeated too often to young men. A habit of speech, a dialect of leaving off an h, or the prominence of a mannerism are small in themselves, but they are fatal to success. There are big salaries awaiting the young fellow who knows how to approach people in the right way. No good business house will send a tradesman out on the road unless he has good manners. The traveller who gets the big orders is usually the fellow who strives to please. Large corporations are eagerly seeking the boy who has an agreeable and refined deportment. With all thy getting, get good address, for it is a better capital than money.

Church Union.

Simon S. Roberts writes: "I observe that there is an idea of holding union meetings of a religious nature during this summer in Winnipeg. It seems to be in the minds of some people that by all the churches uniting in this sort of thing they will appeal to so-called unconverted people.

"Now, what I want to ask is this. If the churches can unite in these meetings, why can't they unite for good and all? If they can work together in a tent, why can't they do so in the regular ways of worship? I believe many young men would like to ask questions such as these."

We received the above letter too late to enable us to make any extended remarks. We shall reserve a discussion of the subject until another issue. In passing it may be said, however, that the proposed union meetings for evangelistic work will be a general blessing. It is perhaps a suggestion of the larger union that church prophets predict. Mr. Roberts' letter brings up the subject of church union which is not yet consummated; but if he has any convictions about the matter, he may translate them into work and push the proposed meetings.

How to Choose a Profession.

A. Y. Like writes: "I am twenty-three years of age and received a good education in England, but learned no profession, with the exception of a part of a year in legal studies. The large interest aroused in England by reports of Canada turned my mind in this direction, but I find myself much disappointed in conditions here. I have secured a position as conductor on the city trams but feel that I am equal to something better. Feeling that you have large opportunities for studying conditions here I will be glad of any advice you could give me."

My advice to all young men in like circumstances is to take any position they can get until a better one opens. A man must live. Probably the work you are now doing is the very best for you. It will be a change from the law office and supply you with the health which comes from outdoor work.

Wants to Invest.

H. D. Coolmead writes: "I am a stranger in this country with considerable money, which I would like to invest in a safe way. Several offers have come to me of lots in cities and towns, which are apparently very prosperous. I have also been looking at unimproved farm lands. In addition, I have had offers of stocks in several companies that have very attractive prospects, in electric power plant, also coal and oil stocks in the West. I am compelled to live in the Southern States and find it hard to decide. I will be glad of your opinion on these matters."

It is not within the scope of this department to advise young men where to invest their money. We must leave that, for those whose business it is to be posted upon the financial affairs of the West. I would, therefore, advise you, to get into touch with some reliable house, to whom you may confide your intentions. It can confidently be said, however, that there is a large field of operations opened to you in the West. Almost every town is growing, and to a man of means there are openings innumerable. You will be safe in looking up Canadian investments.

To be Successful Rise Early.

The members of a flourishing metaphysical sect believe that in rising and setting to work with the sun and retiring when his beams vanish lies the smooth and easy road to the universally desired success in one's chosen work. Great and famous men of many kinds and in many ages have practiced or expressed similar convictions. Early rising, of course, must be relative, regulated by common sense, and the hour of retiring, but there are many who believe that the early hours of the day are those in which good work may be most easily performed.

Gladstone rose and began work early, as did Bacon. Everyone knows Franklin's homely couplet about "early to bed and early to rise."

"Sleep little," says Locke; "great sleepers become brutalized."

Aritotle, anxious to overcome a habit of too long sleep, used to extend his hand, according to Diogenes Laertius, holding a brass ball, while in bed. The falling of the ball into a basin of the same metal was his self-planned alarm at certain hours. Frederick the Great, feeling that he lay too late in bed, issued orders that a wet towel should be thrown over his face at a given time. Until the end of his life he rose at 4 o'clock every morning, as did Henry IV. of France.

John Quincy Adams always rose early. Rockefeller, Russell Sage, and Mrs. Hetty Green are invariably up betimes, while several of the world's greatest money makers confess to an "unlucky feeling" if they lie late or oversleep. Thomas Edison can scarcely be said to rise early, since he only retires by snatches, and can pass a remarkably long period of time without rest. The metaphysicians, mental scientists, and occultists of the present day who so strongly advocate early rising and retiring, declare that the best magnetic conditions are thereby attained, and point with pride to the long list of renowned and distinguished men and women who have risen with the dawn.

What is said to be the first steamer launched under the Cuban flag since the independence of the Island was launched last month at Belfast. She is a vessel of 1,300 tons, named the Regina.

Work! That one little word means rest to the weary soul—forgetfulness of heartaches and disappointments—proof and protection against the temptations of an idle mind—hope for the despondent.

A Manly Man.

It is said that all the world loves a true lover, and in much the same way everybody loves a manly man. There is nothing grander or sweeter in life, unless it be a womanly woman.

All like a transparent character, but no one likes things which are covered up or concealed.

People who are uncertain of themselves, who are not sure of their characters, are always throwing up a defense to protect themselves against the close scrutiny of the world.

Frank people fling the doors of their hearts wide open, for they have nothing to conceal. They are what they seem, flaws and all: but secretive people whose histories have not been clear, who lack the self-confidence of true manhood, open their inner doors very carefully, very guardedly, lest others get glimpses of their unholy selves.

There is nothing which will help a young person to succeed more than a reputation for a clean, transparent, manly honesty and straightforwardness. We are afraid of people who are always on their guard, who do not quite dare to trust you to look into their inmost selves.—Success.

Chances for Young Men.

Why are there so many young men seeking a chance to demonstrate their ability—as they most always insinuate? And why are there so many that cannot find employment at all—as they insinuate?

Surely there are opportunities galore. The trusts have not and never can monopolize them; nor have any of the other numerous conditions and insurmountable obstacles, mentioned by the numerous work-fearing army, any connection with the matter at all.

The whole trouble is, that where sufficient energy exists things move; where there is no energy things are stable. The demand for ability and good workers was never so great as now, while laziness, lushing and pool playing are a drug on the market.

There are chances and positions beyond number for competent men, but none for clock-ologists or the numerous phenomena that can do "anything." Whether a man is a day laborer or a king there is nothing to prevent him from doing his work well, and that is what brings, or in fact is, success.

All people are supposed to have genius for some individual thing, but, unfortunately, that genius is frequently for doing nothing, or at least doing nothing thoroughly. Man, like water, will find his proper level—that is where the fault is.

Without a knowledge of arithmetic it is folly to think of mastering geometry; but it is logical to shun work, boast, waste time and imagine one's self a paragon of ability (?).

There is one character familiar to us all—whom everyone knows; he is run down at the heels, seedy in appearance, penniless and in debt; his continual excuse is that he could make a fortune if such and such a thing did not prevent him. Then there are many others who can find no chances, partly through natural incompetence, though generally because of wilful neglect. With the man rests everything—his merit or demerit, his success or failure.—George Knapp.

It is said that the short fellows always like to stand on their dignity—if this be so they are certainly setting a worthy example to some of their longer brothers.

By the River Side.

A Western Industry

A quarter of a century is but a short span in the life of man, much less in the existence of a nation. Yet a few years often suffice to change the character of a nation's history or to alter the entire political geography of a continent. Such radical upheavals rarely occur, however, and are generally the result of revolutionary measures in the economic or military worlds. Such is admittedly the case under ordinary circumstances and existing conditions where principles of advance are accepted and their application in fixed directions established.

In the Great West, however, industries develop and establish themselves according to no fixed law. They are the spontaneous growth of individual pioneer effort—the product of brains, brawn and persistency along lines dictated by necessity or expediency. Could the Red River voyageur—dethroned by the advance of civilization—return again by his once familiar route to ply his trade west of the lakes, what a revelation would meet his astonished gaze! Forests whose sombre hue lent a refreshing shelter to the wearied oarsmen have either been denuded or transformed into smiling wheat fields; his welcome camping grounds have given place to prosperous settlements and villages, whilst the bells of St. Boniface would introduce to his searching gaze—not the straggling hamlet of a few years ago, but a thriving city, counting amongst her many industries some of the most prosperous in the West. And one there is in particular, neither known nor appreciated as it should be in our growing community. This is the vast establishment owned and controlled by the J. Y. Griffin Co., Limited. Beginning in a small way in 1880, this firm deserve every credit for the success they have made of their business.

From the very start the foresight and business ability of the J. Y. Griffin Co. was apparent. They procured sufficient land at the outset to enable them at any time to enlarge their premises at will and in the dark days, when the prospects were anything but bright, far from losing confidence in this western country, the future loomed up in glowing colors before their mental vision and they built to meet its requirements. That the foresight and business ability then displayed was justified the casual visitor to their establishment across Louise Bridge to-day can vouch for. The plant, wholly employed in pork and beef packing, and provisions, covers a couple of acres, whilst its equipment is most modern and up-to-date in every respect. Taken at a single glance, it is a small business world in itself. The buildings are substantially constructed, whilst the necessary appurtenances, such as heat, light and water, are supplied upon the grounds. A 100 horse power engine supplies the power to generate electricity sufficient for 600 lights, and the immense boiler produces the steam which regulates the temperature of the entire establishment. The best of water is extracted from a deep stratum in mother earth, wells have been sunk to an immense depth to preclude any possibility of a shortage.

Nor is the end yet. Sufficient accommodation is had for the present, but when the necessity arises this energetic firm is prepared to enlarge its premises in order to meet the growing demands of the West.

SKETCH OF THE BUSINESS.

To more thoroughly realize the energy and confidence displayed by this firm, a resume of their gradual advancement will be of interest. In 1880 the J. Y. Griffin Co. handled on an average 100 dressed hogs daily. Six years later the daily capacity was enlarged to 250 hogs, and the pioneer pork packing plant of the west was installed. In 1898 the plant was doubled and mechanical refrigeration for the chill rooms was inaugurated, enabling the company to handle their butter, eggs and cheese to better advantage. In the same year they established a branch at Nelson, B.C., and Vancouver, B.C., as well, thus giving increased facilities for placing their goods upon the western market. As their goods became better known, the demand increased and a further enlargement was forced upon the company in 1902. This increased the plant to 1,000 hogs daily. At the same time the firm discontinued the use of ice and extended the sphere of their mechanical refrigeration. In 1904 they established a branch at Calgary and added two other lines—sheep and cattle—to their growing business. They have a capacity of 100 cattle and 100 sheep daily.

The foregoing summary will give a faint idea of what this industry means to Western Canada. The complete output of the J. Y. Griffin Co. with the exception perhaps of cheese, is procured in Western Canada. As any one can see, it is a large market in itself for the products of the western farmer and the moneys spent in slaughtering, packing and preparing are kept within the limits of this country. As much as $30,000 per week has been paid out for hogs alone, $4,000 per week for cattle and a proportionate sum for sheep and veal. A spur line is run alongside the pens where the live stock is unloaded from the cars with every convenience.

The produce department is of equal importance to the farmer. This company procure all their eggs and butter from the producer and pay out a large amount each week for the same. To obtain the necessary material, a large force of buyers is constantly employed, who scour the country from end to end, while at the establishment on the Red River 100 hands are employed the year around.

Taken in conjunction with this great western farming community, the J. Y. Griffin Co. supplies the link in a large co-operative concern. The live stock and produce are the direct products of the farm for which this establishment furnishes a ready market. Here they are killed, prepared, packed and sent forth to the consumer, who is very often no other than the producer in the first place. The marketable article is protected by a registered brand, which enables the purchaser in any part of the country to readily recognize the goods.

A representative of The Western Home Monthly, becoming imbued with a desire to satisfy his curiosity and to learn for himself how the products of this large business were prepared for the market, paid a visit recently to the plant, where he was introduced by Mr. Joseph Griffin to the heads of the various departments, with instructions to them to show him over the premises.

THE HOG AND CATTLE PENS.

In order that our representative could learn all about the operations of this industry, he was first taken to the hog, cattle and sheep pens. This immense building standing alone at the rear end of the abattoir, is divided into innumerable pens to receive the stock from the cars which bring them from their pasture homes on the prairies. There is accommodation in these pens for 2,000 head of stock.

HOW THE HOGS ARE KILLED.

The hogs are driven from the pens in a continuous line up a long inclosed incline to the hog-killing room, where they are stuck with the knife, bled, then slipped into a number of large vats of boiling water, from which they are dumped on to scraping tables, where the hair is scraped off by improved scraping machines, operated by power, the hair about the heads and feet being removed by knives in the hands of experienced men. After the carcases have been scraped they are hung up head downwards on tracks, where the insides are removed. They are next washed off with hot and cold water and thoroughly cleaned, and then conducted into the cooling room. The refuse from the carcase is thrown into a chute in the killing room, which conducts it to a large room immediately underneath, where a staff of hands dissect the various parts, the bones, blood, etc., going to the fertilizer plant to be ground and prepared for the land.

THE COOLING ROOM.

The carcases of the hogs, after being taken into the cooling room, which has accommodation on the hangers for about 2,000 carcases, are allowed to remain there from 24 to 48 hours. After being thoroughly cooled out the carcases of the hogs are conducted along those overhead tracks, on which they are hanging, into the cutting room.

THE CUTTING ROOM.

In this room a staff is employed to cut up the hogs, the various parts of the carcase are placed into chutes which convey them down to the floor below. In this room the various parts are trimmed, sorted and weighed and passed on in the same endless chain to the various rooms and cellars to be cured.

THE HAM CELLAR.

This cellar is 60 x 200 feet and is full of large vats, into which the hams are put in pickle and left there from 40 to 100 days. During the time they are kept in the vats the pickle is changed on them at regular intervals until they are in a proper state to go to the smoke house. When a tier of vats is filled with meat a card is made out and attached to each vat to show the number of pounds of meat the vat contains, when the meat was placed therein, when the pickle in the vat was last changed, etc., a complete record being kept, no guesswork or haphazard way being permitted. The ham cellar is kept at a proper temperature

THE SMOKE HOUSE.

The smoke house, in which the famous "Griffin" brand of hams and bacon is smoked, has a capacity of 75,000 pounds of meat. Oak wood is burned to smoke the meat. The meat is allowed to hang in the smoke house about 48 hours before it is taken out and packed and made ready for shipping. The smoke process used is known as the slow process, no chemicals being used, which is in a large measure responsible for the palatable and natural flavor of Griffin hams and bacon.

DRY SALT CELLAR.

In this cellar another process is resorted to in the curing of pork. The cellar is large, being 60 x 200 feet, and is kept also at a proper temperature. Hams and bacon are here prepared in what are known as the Irish, American and Canadian methods. The hams and bacon are treated to a hand rubbing of salt and then stacked up in tiers and tierces, where they remain from 15 to 100 days, according as the result desired demands. Griffin's brand of Irish cured hams and bacon is conceded by connoisseurs to be the equal of the best produce put up in the Green Isle, which has made that country famous. When properly cured by their secret process the goods are stacked up or shipped in boxes, sacks or crates, and will remain in good order indefinitely.

BARREL PORK CELLAR.

The meat in this cellar is kept in pickle in large vats for a time to season and cure, then barrelled up and held ready for shipment. A complete record is made of the length of time each barrel of meat is kept, as in the aforementioned case in the ham cellar, so that it is impossible for any mistakes to occur or any inattention to be given any particular vat or barrel containing meat.

The total capacity of the ham cellar, dry salt cellar and barrel cellar and mess pork cellars is from two to three million pounds.

THE LARD ROOM.

This is an important branch of the business, where the lard from such a multitude of animals is being rendered, clarified and put up and made ready for the market.

After being washed thoroughly the material is placed in large iron tanks specially constructed for the purpose and next forced through a filter press. After this it goes through a special machine made for the process of clarifying it and then put up in tins, pails and tierces for marketing. The Griffin brand of lard is well known to every housewife in this western country, who can testify to its sterling worth and freedom from the slightest form of impurities.

THE SAUSAGE ROOM.

The sausage room is no less interesting than any of the other many departments of the business. This room is fitted up with the most modern machinery for the making of sausages and presided over by one of the best expert sausage makers in America, who has assisting him an efficient staff of hands skilled in the manufacture of this widely used product.

A compact and modern sausage making machine, operated by power, which chops and mixes the meat, with a capacity of about 7,000 pounds a day, is here installed. During the mixing, the flavoring is added, then the meat is ready for filling into the casings. This in done by the aid of stuffers operated by steam. In this department the following named kinds of sausages are made, viz.: Liver sausage, blood sausage, Bologna sausage (round, long or large), Bologna sausage (garlic), Frankfurt sausage and fresh pork sausage. It is the intention of the firm to increase the sausage output by the addition of more new machinery. The Bologna sausage turned out is prepared so thoroughly and so perfectly put up that it may be kept for an indefinite period in almost any temperature without the slightest damage being done it.

MANITOBA HONEY CURED BACON.

One would glean from the name that this bacon is prepared by using honey in one form or another. This is not the case, the true signification of the name is the sweetness of taste imparted to the user of it. This bacon is prepared under a secret process known only to this firm. The most peculiar thing about the curing of this bacon is that it is not put in pickle, neither is it dry salted; no chemicals are used, yet it is cured so completely that after being smoked it will keep in perfect condition for almost any length of time. Manitoba honey cured bacon is coming in for a lot of attention from competent judges and the sale for it is fast assuming large proportions. It is undoubtedly the choicest bacon in the market to-day.

THE BEEF DEPARTMENT.

The beef department is just as interesting to visit as the pork packing end of the industry. The killing of beef was added to the industry last year and is now an important branch of the business. The beef plant has a capacity at present of about 150 head per day when run to its full capacity. The animals are driven from the cattle pens in much the same manner as the hogs, up an inclosed and covered-in driveway. The beast upon arriving in the killing room is knocked on the head, felling it, then bled and hung up, all this being done in a few moments Then the carcase is skinned cut open and the inside removed, washed and made ready for the steaming room. Several animals can be slaughtered and made ready for the steaming room in less time than it takes to tell the story.

THE STEAMING ROOM.

The steaming room is a large place in which the temperature is kept at about the same degree as the animal was when alive. In the room is a free circulation of pure air, all obnoxious gases being carried off speedily. The carcase is allowed to hang in this room for about 24 hours, then is removed along the overhead tracks from which it hangs, into the large beef refrigerator adjoining.

THE BEEF REFRIGERATOR.

The beef refrigerator is nothing more nor less than a mammoth ice refrigerator where the carcases of bovines are hung for an indefinite period or until shipped out.

The by-products of the beef business are treated in much the same practical manner as the by-products of the pork-packing industry, with the exception that the hides are sold and shipped away.

The ventilation of the whole premises is well nigh perfect. One thing particularly noticeable about the place is the general cleanliness. The absence of foul or disagreeable odors is a sufficient guarantee in itself of the care taken in the preparation of the many products.

THE PRODUCE DEPARTMENT.

This department includes eggs, butter, cheese and poultry and is just as important and is meeting with as great a measure of success as any of the other branches of the business.

That it is a most important branch no one conversant with the extent of the transactions will deny, suffice it to say that it receives just as careful attention from the management as any of the other departments of the business.

The farmers, poultry raisers and dairymen in the West receive either directly or indirectly each year a large amount of money from the J. Y. Griffin Company in exchange for their commodities.

These products are kept in cold storage. Many of the eggs, and a large quantity of the butter, are purchased in the summer and fall and kept and sold during the winter.

THE FERTILIZER PLANT.

Not a particle of the product of this vast business goes to waste. A large room is fitted up where the refuse, bones, blood and waste is gathered together, boiled, mixed and pressed and sold in car load lots as a fertilizer for the land.

This product, after being pressed and dried, is put up in sacks weighing 200 lbs. each, and, as a result, is easily handled. Owing to the richness of the soil in this western country the demand here for this produce is almost nil, but in Ontario and older parts of the Dominion and in the United States it is used extensively. This product is sold at from $20 to $21 a ton, which is just about one cent a pound.

As a fertilizer for lawns, boulevards, etc., it is excellent, as a thin coating, if spread over the surface, will make grass grow most luxuriantly.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

The intention of the J. Y. Griffin Company is to keep always abreast of the times, increasing their plant and business to meet the exigencies of trade. In the no distant future it is their intention to add a plant for the canning of meat of all kinds. This will mean an enlargement of their buildings and plant, the installation of new and costly machinery and the engagement of many hundreds more men. That they are large people in a business way with big and progressive ideas goes without saying. The history of the firm since they first embarked in the meat business has been one of advancement and progression, manufacturing and putting on the market the very best brand of goods and maintaining them to a high standard of excellence.

They have done great things for the farming community as well as for the country in general by affording farmers a ready cash market for the meat, dairy and poultry products of the farm; for the country in general by providing labor for a large number of working men, as well as by providing the whole country with a good and staple article for household consumption.

Every patriotic westerner and every western family will do the West a good turn, and further their own interests as well, by buying the products of the J. Y. Griffin Company.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

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are of vital interest to girls, boys, men and women. This is the age when all should be enlightened. Ignorance is the curse which is driving more young and old to ruin than anyone realizes. One of these books may be the cause of your physical salvation. In any case, it is inestimable value at the price.

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BETWEEN THE CHORES

JOTTINGS BY A RANCHER :: Written for The Western Home Monthly by S. P.

Passers-by.

We live in a small intervale on the banks of the Bow. The wooded bluffs touch the river to the east and to the west of us, thus forming a sylvan arc with a silver chord. It is a lovely spot—an ideal setting for a western home. Our little secluded intervale lies "far from the maddening crowd;" but in days long gone by it was a favorite camping ground of the aborigines on their way to dispose of their collection of pelts to the white traders at Fort Calgary. The day of the buffalo and the Indian is gone, but the trail remains and traverses our homestead. The passer-by still claims, when so inclined, the time-honored right of hospitality and we have thus frequent opportunities of entertaining the stranger. After supper a pleasant hour's chat gives me what may be called a cross-section of many a private history. It is like intercepting for a moment the flight of a bird of passage. It is like Burns' "Snowflake in the river: a moment white, then melts for ever."

I carefully avoid rude inquisitiveness, so that sometimes my guest departs without my knowing whence he has come or whither he is going or what he is going to do when he gets there. In other cases where my guest is communicative I get a peep behind the scenes—just a peep—a passing glimpse. He is off by daybreak and probably our tracks through life will never again meet.

One morning about 10 o'clock I saw a person coming towards the house on foot. The "rule of the road" in Western Canada is the reverse of what it is in the old country. To see a pedestrian here is as exceptional as to see an equestrian there. I therefore went to the gate to see what this "tramp" wanted. He was very young; not over twenty, I should say, honest looking, but tired and travel-stained.

"I called to ask if you would sell me a loaf of bread," he said abruptly.

"We don't sell bread here," I replied, also abruptly.

"Oh!"

That is all the poor lad said and he turned to go away.

"What do you want it for? To eat it?"

"Yes."

"Have you come far?"

He mentioned a place some six miles south and added that he was on his way to Calgary in search of work.

"We don't sell bread," I said, "but if you come in and rest I'll see what we can do for you in the way of refreshment."

While having lunch he told me his story. He had been a clerk in a London bank. (He showed me the "testimonial" he got from his employer.) He had a little money and was induced to join the ill-fated "Barr Colony" expedition. He had suffered much privation, had spent his little all and was now on the lookout for a job. He spoke of going back to England as soon as some money he was expecting arrived. I advised him to think carefully over the matter before he decided to leave this country. He had a homestead and had built a shack and with the money he expected and perseverance I felt sure he would do well to stay here. He thanked me and passed on.

"Poor lad," I thought, as I looked at his slender figure on the trail: a bank clerk can ill compete in the search for a job out here with the sturdy, handy lads that Canada is rearing."

I wonder what he decided to do when his money arrived!

Shakespeare makes good old King Duncan say—just before he rushes into the arms of Macbeth—"There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face." With all due deference to the Bard of Avon, I believe there is; but it is a fine art, requiring careful cultivation. One can, by practice, come to learn enough in a brief interview to enable him to decide whether he has any use for the man interviewed or not. One can train his powers of discernment to distinguish the honest and reliable from the fair-spoken humbug. Truth will out, as well as murder, and character is "writ large" if only one can read what is written.

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A smart turnout pulled up at our gate one forenoon in the fall. I happened to be nearby fixing up a fence and waiting for dinner to be announced. The two occupants of the rig were evidently "city men" from their get-up. They were, of course, clean shaven, and their countenances were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" which to me betokened something more than hard thinking.

"Good morning, Colonel," airily cried No. 1, as he jumped out and proceeded to tie up his horse to the gate post. "This is fine weather for stock, eh?"

"You bet," added his companion.

"You have a lovely place here," went on No. 1, without waiting for me to speak.

"Yes," I replied. "The autumn tints are exceedingly fine just now. Are you travelling far?"

"We are on our way to Calgary. We are making a tour through the Northwest introducing a new patent for vastly improving the light of kerosine oil lamps. It has been highly approved of by every one who has seen it. While giving a light five times more powerful than the ordinary wick, it is the means of saving at least half the amount of oil.

He was so voluble and seemed so anxious that I should see for myself the wondrous effect of this great invention that I took him round to the lamp-room where, with the air of a professor of chemistry preparing some elaborate illustrative experiment for his students, he produced from a small handbag a pair of scissors, a box of matches and "the greatest invention of modern times." This was a piece of perforated tin about 1 inch square, folded into two halves. Carefully trimming the wick, he fitted the tin on to the end of it and then a lighted match was applied. Of course the flame produced was better spread out and probably clearer than that of the naked wick.

But there did not seem to me enough in the thing to make it worth the while of two men to tour our province in its behalf.

"How much does it cost?" I asked, merely with a desire to be polite.

"Twenty-five cents," was the prompt reply.

For bare-faced impudence I think that takes the cake. If he had said five cents per dozen or even thirty cents per gross (like trouser buttons), I would probably have taken him for a reasonable man and suggested that his talents were being wasted canvassing so unremunerative an article. As it was, I merely said:

"That seems a very high price."

"Not too high for the article, I assure you. Besides our expenses are very heavy. Last night our stay at ———— cost us nine dollars."

"I don't doubt it," I replied, as I gazed at their "pale cast" countenances.

I am fairly expert at mental calculation and while the above scene was being enacted I made up an account as follows: If I parley much longer dinner will be announced and I shall have such a strain put on my patience and politeness if I have to entertain these gentlemen so long that I shall be quite unfitted for my afternoon work. It will be cheaper for me to buy a dollar's worth of their perforated tin and get rid of them.

They magnanimously gave me six for the dollar and took their departure. Our lamp wicks are still as naked as the day they were bought, but now and then one or other of the family, with a funny twinkle in her eye, will fetch me a bit of perforated tin picked up from some rubbish heap and seriously ask me what it is and where it could have come from!

—☼—

Our reward for any kindness shown is the sure and certain happiness that follows "as the night the day" every good deed. "Curses like chickens always come home to roost"—and so do blessings. Sometimes a parting guest will put his hand ostentatiously into his hip-pocket and ask how much he has got to pay for his bed and breakfast. I am sorry when this happens, for it implies that I have acted the part of "mine host" in a clumsy manner and have given the impression that we keep a sort of unlicensed hotel and expect payment in cash. One of my migrant friends unwittingly repaid me amply for entertaining him. Before leaving he helped me to separate from the herd and to place in breeding pens two sows about to litter. I remarked that looking after a number of pigs added considerably to one's daily chores. His reply was truly hibernian and not over polite:

"Them as keeps pigs didn't ought to without they have a proper place to keep them in." He passed on, but his remark has stayed and has been absorbed and has become part of my philosophy of life. "Them as keeps pigs ought to have a proper place for them."

How true, and how universally applicable! One keeps a small flock of sheep without proper fences and life becomes a burden. One keeps hens without proper arrangements for the "departments" of poultry-keeping, and laying hens get hopelessly mixed up with sitting hens so that one runs the daily risk of having boiled chicken for breakfast instead of new-laid eggs. In business generally it is as true as in farm work, "Them as keeps pigs ought to have a proper place for them."

—☼—

We sometimes entertain angels unawares. A runaway team galloped furiously along the trail and were stopped near our gate by a neighbor who happened to be passing. Several hours afterwards a portly figure on an undersized cayeuse hove in sight. I was on the lookout for the owner of the team and went out to meet this stranger. As he approached slowly and, as it seemed to me, sadly, I tried to locate him. He and his cayeuse were ill-matched. The pair reminded me in an absurd way of a definition of wit: "The juxta-position of incongruous ideas." Neither seemed at his ease. The steed was unmistakably of this country—a born cayeuse in every line and movement; but the rider was neither of the country nor of the city, as far as I could make out. "He must be a tenderfoot," I said to myself, and I had visions of a pleasant chat about the old country and of still more pleasant opportunities of airing my knowledge and experience of life in the wild and woolly West. Having inspected the horses (a hire from a Calgary livery stable), we adjourned to the house. He deposited his ponderous frame in an arm-chair, and, resting his elbows, he placed the finger-tips and thumbs of his podgy hands together, forming a sort of gothic arch which had a curious effect. Then he spoke:

"Since you have been so very kind—in fact I have experienced nothing but the greatest kindness and hospitality since I arrived in the West—allow me to introduce myself. My name is ————; I am a professor in ———— college."

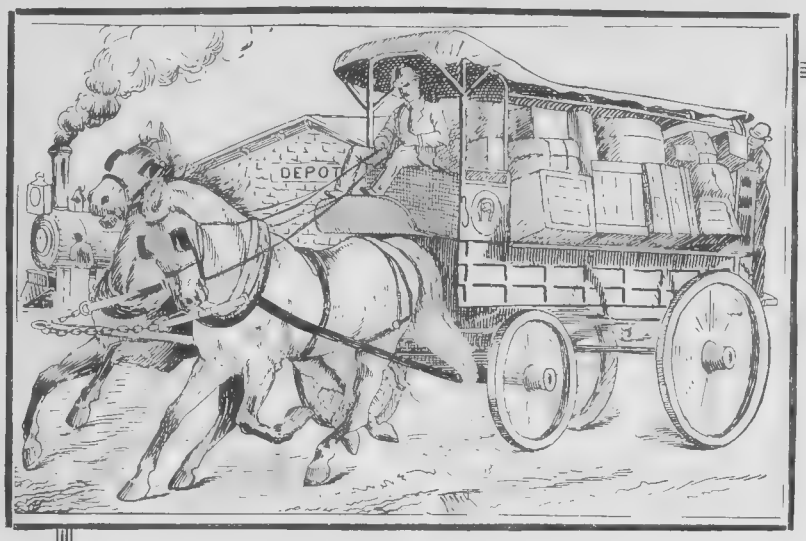
He paused and looked around to see what effect this awful intelligence had produced on his audience. He certainly was "the cynosure of wondering eyes," for all our youngsters had gathered round and were taking stock of this curious person who called himself a professor. As is the wont of the species, the professor spoke ex cathedra; and much as I should have liked a talk with a university man on academic topics, I saw that it gave the learned gentleman more pleasure to patronize and to play the part of Sir Oracle. I accordingly, in my role of polite host, followed the bent of my guest's genius and when he "oped his mouth" this little dog refrained from barking.

We had a real live bishop for half an hour as our guest—the cheeriest, most delightful little man I have ever met. His democrat luckily broke down at the bridge and His Lordship had afternoon tea with us. I wish he would call again. If all Roman Catholics are like this bishop, then they are a most lovable people.

—☼—

Farm Buildings of J. P. Shycock, near Russell, Man.

A man who sells English sparrows coated with yellow paint and calls them canaries has been working with success in Chester, Pa., recently. He sells the birds for $1 with the promise of the buyer that if the birds sing he is to be paid an additional dollar on his return to the city in two weeks.



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SOME FACTS ABOUT THE MONTHLY.

IT HAS 30,000 SUBSCRIBERS, and it is a clean Home Journal. It does not set up as a political organ, although it comments on passing events. As it is a Western publication, it deals with Western problems. Our list of subscribers and advertisers are growing fast. The royal patronage accorded us makes us more anxious to give a first-class publication. We are bent on strengthening the journal in every way we can. There are several new features in this month's issue and new departments have been opened. The Rev. James L. Gordon, in the front rank of Canadian popular preachers, will in future deal with the Young Men's Department. A sketch of Ralph Connor appears in this number and will be continued in the July number. This sketch tells how he came to write the famous novels, and gives his views of the novel, the West and the pulpit.

A NOVEL METHOD OF HELPING HOSPITALS.

THE HOSPITALS are generally in a state of financial panic. The progress of the healing art is so fast that large sums of money are needed by hospital authorities to keep pace with the advance. A sense of physical security is felt by all when new discoveries are made which make life healthier or happier, to say nothing of prolonging it. But new discoveries deplete hospital treasuries; the cost of maintaining a hospital in first-class condition is enormous. It is small wonder that the authorities appeal so frequently and urgently for funds. A novel response has been made to these appeals by the Calgary Herald, the Brandon Sun and the Regina Leader. The editors of these papers have generously placed them at the disposal of the ladies' hospital committees for one issue. The plan gives a multitude of people the chance of subscribing or advertising. It is a method which other towns and cities might follow, as it is practical and popular.

THE MISERIES OF THE MILLIONAIRE.

IT APPEARS that the law of compensation does not pass the millionaire by. Some of these fortunate ones take a sad pleasure in relating the miseries incidental to the care of millions. One of them said to a Chicago audience recently: "Getting rich is merely a habit—a bad habit. Wealth piles up a load on the shoulders of the captain of industry. Wealth is a menace to children and grandchildren who had no hand in its accumulation. There is no comfort in living in a mansion with half a dozen servants." We had thought that would be the acme of pleasure. He proceeds: "I saw a $200,000 mansion the other day built from the proceeds of a cotton corner. It will give the owner no comfort and cost the livelihood of hundreds of thousands of cotton mill operatives." Here is where the golden shoe pinches—where the ghost comes in at the midnight hour. This agony of soul prompts him to give salutary advice. "Try living with the poor. Hire a room for $1.50 a week and eat ten-cent breakfasts. It won't hurt you. The microbes of disease are no more likely to harm you there than in a steam heated room for which you pay $3 to $5 a day." Thanks, Mr. Millionaire, we'll think over it. In the meantime, after you with the ten-cent breakfast, and the microbe.

THE VALUE OF IGNORANCE.

MOST MEN wish they could shed their ignorance as quickly as a snake its skin; but an intelligent foreigner who has travelled through the United States has seen in it the jewel in the toad's head. To a few friends who dined him on the eve of his departure, he said: "The thing that has surprised me most of all in so many of your leading men is their absolute ignorance of many things that have occupied the thoughts of the world for hundreds of years." Then he added: "I am sometimes a little uncertain as to whether this is a source of strength or of weakness." It is a source of strength. Self-confidence, backed by absolute ignorance of difficulties, have carried men through tasks almost impossible. Not to know is often more valuable than to know. Knowledge may be in the head, and not part of the mental and moral fibre. An illiterate man, by "cramming up" an encyclopedia, can bring the blush of ignorance to the face of the college professor. Yet the professor is the stronger man, for his knowledge is part of himself.

THE SEARCH FOR PERFECTION.

THE search for perfection has ever fascinated the mind of man. It possesses a power of attraction which he cannot resist. Almost everything he touches he tries to improve. In this he is unlike animals. Scientists tell us the bird builds its nest to-day in the same manner that its ancestors did hundreds of years ago. Man tests and develops. The Aborigine discovered that the floating log would bear the weight of his body. Then he scooped it out, to carry his provisions; finally he carved upon its prow, a rude figure which was his idea of beauty. Look at the growth of the idea! From the log has come the ocean greyhound, a palace on water. The wheel was first uneven, a crude construction; but the thought developed and finds a splendid expression in the driving wheel of the locomotive. It is a necessity of modern life. It carries the merchandise of the world. The end is not yet. In the kingdoms of commerce, literature, art, science and mechanics, the word perfection is a magnet which draws to better things. It is the secret of modern miracles—in fact it has robbed us of miraculous awe, for it has made all things possible.

COLLIER'S AND LAWSON.

LAWSON and Everybody's seemed linked together in indissoluble bonds, but now it's Lawson, Colliers and Everybody's. Why has Lawson been permitted to invade the calm judicial pages of Colliers? The case stands thus. Hapgood, its editor, has frequently charged Lawson with being economical with the truth. Readers of Colliers have not endorsed his position. What follows? He professes to give Lawson an opportunity to reply to the strictures that have been made upon him. This opportunity is heralded with a flourish of rhetorical trumpets. Lawson must comply with certain conditions which are duly published to whet the public appetite. Even the front page is used as a medium of advertisement. This looks like inconsistency—a weakening of the Collier moral fibre. The Collier conscience evidently can be silenced while the sales of the paper soar. Mr. Lawson is telling the truth or he is not. Colliers says he is not. If so, he should not be allowed to use the paper; for, he cannot give other evidences of truth telling than those already given to Everybody's.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS TEACHING.

THE QUESTION whether religion shall be taught in the public schools has occupied much attention lately, not only in Canada, but in England and France. It is a question that sometimes sleeps, but never dies, and the present agitation is only a repetition of a conflict which is as old as the history of State churches. A safe principle is that the state should not usurp the prerogative of the church. Its business is to make citizens, not Christians. It is impossible to teach the Bible as it should be taught in the school, for it is a spiritual revelation to the soul. Place it in the hands of one who has no knowledge of its inner meaning and it becomes neither science, history or morals, but is a fruitful source of denominational wrangling. Only that person who experimentally knows it is qualified to teach it.

DODGING THE GERM.

AND NOW the tooth-brush must go. An eminent savant accuses it of abrading the gums and introducing germs into the system. The tooth-brush until now has been regarded as the implacable enemy of the germ, upon which it waged a brisk and bristly warfare. But science has decreed; and it must pass to the realm of the antique. The search for health has been the cause of much human misery. The harmless tomato has been banned as well as canned; while soap has been held to destroy the peach-bloom complexion of our beauties. Almost all the necessities of life have at one time or another come under the taboo of science. Yet people live and grow hearty and healthy. It may one day transpire that the microbe we now despise and degrade shall be counted as a succulent strength-giving morsel for sick people. Stranger things have happened in the scientific world.

WHY SHAKESPEARE IS POPULAR.

PROF. W. F. OSBORNE, of Wesley College, has an article in the Free Press of May 13th which is a genuine contribution to the already bulky Shakespeare literature. It is the best short article we have seen. Prof Osborne possesses the right balance of logic and imagination for dealing with a subject which cannot be treated without this combination of gifts. His analysis of the complex character is excellent. "It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Shakespeare is so large and elemental that he awes us; and it is certainly within the mark to say that he eludes us." This is a weighty sentence, and, in short form, reveals the secret of Shakespeare's immense popularity. Because he awes and eludes, he fascinates. If the "Immortal Bard" could be understood, his mind would be as dead as his body, but the awe inspiring and elusive elements in him have bestowed upon him the crown of immortality.

UNCROWNED HEROES.

THE Russo-Japanese war is developing heroes. In this it is not peculiar. Every war yields a fruitful crop of men whose deeds of daring are applauded by their grateful nations. There is something about war which gives color to acts of heroism. It furnishes the right back-ground for spectacular effects, and when the curtain rings down on a bit of tragedy, the applause is great. This is natural. It is right to praise the bravery of national heroes. But heroes are not confined to war zones. They are to be found in other places. Dr. Luke, of Labrador fame, has told us of deeds performed by this quiet unostentatious people, which if done upon the stage furnished by war, would make the whole world cheer. Bridge-builders, miners, railroad men, and hosts of others, exhibit a fine heroism in the performance of every day occupations. If the scales would fall from our eyes, a wave of sympathy for these uncrowned heroes would fill our soul.

What to Wear and when to wear it

Shirt Waists.

It seems in order to follow a talk on shirt waist suits with something about the shirt waist itself and I am able this month to show two very new designs that the artist has copied specially for this column. No. 1 is of sheer white linen, hand embroidered and though it may be made up in any other material it is especially effective in this, and not at all difficult to do, or costly.

The features of this particular blouse are the small tucks running right over the shoulder and the combination of pinhole and solid embroidery. It is one of the pretty conceits of the year to combine the two and in this way the decoration is more quickly done than if all pinhole work was employed and is lighter in effect than solid needlework. The bands in the cuffs do not come out very distinctly in the design but are composed of two narrow bands of pinhole embroidery only. The cuffs button up with tiny pearl buttons on the inside seam so that it is quite easy to iron. The sheer white linen is usually 38 inches wide and if you can get it that width, two yards will be an abundance. Two skeins of linen floss will be sufficient for the front design. In laundering the sheer linen blouse it should not be starched. The best plan is to make some very weak glue water with pure white glue; while it is hot add a level tablespoon of paraffin wax, shed fine and dip your blouse in the glue water, wring dry and hang up until it is just dry enough to iron, then fold away for at least six hours before ironing. If you do not care to go to the trouble of the glue, use the merest suspicion of starch and iron very damp. The great advantage of the glue water is that it will not give in damp weather, and in passing let me say that white glue water added to the starch for muslin dresses and white underskirts is a boon in this respect.

Shirt Waist No. 2.

This design is of sheer India mull and valenciennes lace and is very dressy over a colored slip with girdle to match. This blouse fastens behind and makes it easy to apply the lace decorations and also makes it easy to iron, the fulness of the front comes from the three pleats under the edge of the yoke at the side of the armhole.

Colored Waists.

For colored shirtwaists there is no material that is equal to blue linen, either in the solid navy blue, butchers blue or the shade produced by a white warp and blue woof. These linens are wide and can be bought from 25c. to 30c. per yard and two yards will make a waist even with the large sleeve. In passing let me call attention to the fact that with the pouch effect gone from the front there is no longer any need of making the waists below the belt line and a much neater effect is gained by having hooks on your skirt bands and well-worked buttonhole loops on your waist and hooking the two together. If this is done you will not have your waists worn out with pins neither will you run the risk of a hiatus between waist and skirt which spoils the appearance of many an otherwise smart costume. Of course two yards will only make the plain waist without tucks or pleats, but for the linen little decoration is necessary and one of the smartest styles is the pointed yoke over a plain back and the front finished with a single boxpleat and two pockets, one on each side of the front pleat sleeves very full at the top and gathered into a deep band. For the woman who laundries her own waists let me say make the opening of your sleeve long enough to permit of the cuff being laid out flat to iron. It is much easier to iron in this way and as the spare of the sleeve is in the inside it rather adds to the appearance of the sleeve to have it as well as the cuff buttoned with pearl buttons. To get the best results the buttons should always be removed from the sleeves before washing, but in busy households there is not always time to do this, and if you buy really good pearl buttons on the start they will stand many washings without clouding.

White Dresses.

There has never been a season when a greater variety of white goods was offered for the consideration of the womenfolks. A few years ago white dresses were considered the particular property of the young girls and the children, but now the sensible idea prevails that a woman of any age, up to the grandmother of the family, may wear a white gown, if it is becoming. Very stout women, whether young or old, do well to avoid white gowns if they wish to reduce their apparent size, but if they regard only comfort and neatness they can wear a white gown as well as anyone else.

A sensible idea, for the woman or girl who can have only one white gown is to buy a sheer white linen and have skirt made kilted. The old-time kilt used to be as big round the top as it was round the bottom, but now the kilted skirts are all gored, the kilts are stitched down to form a yoke and then let fly. These skirts are quite easy to iron and look quite smart. I saw a gown the other day cut by the head of the art dress school in Toronto, that measured eight yards round the bottom, yet at the waist line the pleats did not lap more than half an inch; there were fifteen gores in it. The waist of a white linen dress may be made perfectly plain, with a few tucks or small pleats, or by design number one on this page, or may be decorated with hardanger work, open work, or solid Mount Melik embroidery. Personally I prefer the latter. In addition to the waist of the linen any white shirtwaist can be worn with this skirt and if the linen skirt is well laundried and you are careful of where you sit down and have a dust coat to wear when driving, it will last clean for a long time.

Spotted Muslins.

In thin white goods there is a marked return to the spotted muslins, and the spots are nearly all small. These dresses cannot be too full and fluffy and may be decorated with as much lace as your purse will run to, valenciennes always preferred. The Madras muslins come next to the spots in favor and some of the patterns in these are simply sumptuous. Very fine lacy embroideries are used profusely on these gowns. Swiss embroideries this season surpass anything that has been shown before. We have one firm in Winnipeg who makes an art specialty of embroideries and laces and in their books there are over 400 designs of narrow embroideries alone.

After the Madras muslins there are the organdies and muslin de soie goods, sheer and dainty as gossamer, and still with a great deal of wear in them and a wonderfully dainty gown can be created out of them. They crush easily and soil more quickly than the others mentioned, but are very easy to launder. Organdy and muslin de soie both demand elaborate decorations of lace if the best results are to be obtained, so that they are a more extravagant gown than many of the others. It is only men who write novels that dress the heroine in the cottage in dainty white muslin and a blue sash, women writers know that in the end the white wash gowns cost a long price and mean much backbreaking ironing to keep them fresh.

But I would like to say one word for the white gown for young girls. Unless it means running into debt or incurring illness over laundrying them let

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the girls have white gowns. Nothing is so sweet as a young girl in a clean white frock, no matter how plain it may be. And they can only be girls once and white frocks and pretty hats are a part of the happiness of girlhood. Any girl of twelve ought to be able to iron her own white dress and I am sure given the choice will learn to iron it rather than go without.

Light Skirts and Dark Waists.

One of the fads of the moment, but one that is both pretty and useful, has been brought in by the women of Paris to whom be thanks. This is a waist of satin or silk with a skirt of wool of a very much lighter shade. Sometimes, to give the effect of a complete costume, some slight decoration of the same shade as the bodice, is placed on the skirt, but more often the bodice is made in the form of a little house coat and the gimpe or chemisette is of the shade of the skirt. This fashion opens up another possibility that was in favor some years ago and that is the wearing of dark blouses with white skirts. A blouse of dark blue or deep buff or pink can often be worn with a white linen or vesting skirt that would not look quite fresh enough with a white waist.

Lustre Bloomers.

There is nothing that adds more to the washing and ironing account than the wearing of washing underskirts, and there is nothing more tiring to the woman doing her own work than the wearing of petticoats. Let me make a suggestion to the woman that does her own work. Do not wear any petticoat. Do not be shocked; you would not wear petticoats riding a bicycle and why should you wear them over your housework. Get two and a quarter yards of grey lustre and make a pair of bloomers, (any good pattern house furnishes patterns for these), and put the full width of the goods into the leg, gathering or pleating it into the band that comes just below the knee. Fit the front with darts and leave the back the full width and pleat into the band. The band of the front should go right round the waist and button at the back, allowing the back to button at the sides. Put a little flap of the goods on the fronts at each side so that when the back is buttoned up the spares at the sides will be entirely closed. These bloomers are very light and cool and all that is needed under them is a pair of thin white drawers, the woven ones are best because they are easy to wash and require no ironing. The bloomers should be seamed first on the right side and then on the wrong so that there may be no raw edges and it is well to face them in the breech with some thin cotton. A pair made in this way will last an entire summer and the woman who has had them once will never be without them.

A skirt of dark blue duck is a good one for a house skirt because it can be washed, but will not soil easily. A house skirt should be at least four inches clear of the ground and six is better. In house cleaning time let the woman who has to hang curtains and pictures leave off her skirt and work in blouse and bloomers. She will look perfectly neat, modest and respectable and oh, the amount of nerve wear she will be saved in holding up skirts while attempting to climb ladders. The bloomers made in this way and of this material are full and stand out like a skirt, indeed at a little distance they cannot be told from a short full skirt, but the comfort of being able to walk up a ladder or up stairs without holding up a skirt is not to be overestimated. The lustre does not hold the dust and as it never touches the skin is not soiled so as to need washing. Do not buy a cheap lustre unless you want to make the bloomers twice in a season. A lustre that retails at 60 to 75c. per yard will be about right, but it is better to pay a little more and get what will stand long and continuous wear.

For the woman who has to do much walking, nothing could be better than this costume, as the bloomers never get wet from the grass as do underskirts. A very clever doctor friend of mine said once that more women died of underskirts than did of overwork, and though it was said in jest there is a good deal of truth in it. Every added band round the waist puts a further strain on the back and kidneys, two of the places where women doing housework give out very frequently.

Parasols.

There surely was never a season when parasols were so pretty and so reasonable in price, as they are this year. For wear with silk or fine wool or lustre shirtwaist suits there are parasols of dark shot silk to match or harmonize with the gown; these usually have hemstitched edges headed by clusters of narrow stripes of the lighter shade in the shot silk, of which the main body is composed. One of the most useful parasols is that made of Tussore, Shantung or Pongee silk in the natural color. These are good form with almost any gown and are very cool in hot weather. Red parasols, in the shade known as geranium, are more popular than they have been for years, and they can be worn with almost any shade of summer gown, except pink or yellow. The Lancashire folk say, "a red cloak looks gradly (grandly) in a green field," and a red parasol is infinitely prettier in the country than in the city. There is one thing to remember, however, and that is, do not walk out with a red parasol if there are cattle running loose. The bull and all his descendants, male and female, consider a red parasol the most deadly insult, and are unpleasantly apt to avenge themselves upon the carrier thereof. If you are able to afford three parasols, and really it is not a heavy extravagance, have a dark green or blue shot silk, a red one of either silk or any of the fine silk finished cotton goods, which are quite as pretty, and one of Shantung silk. Have natural wood handle in all of them, as they are the smartest. One of the new inventions that adds much to the appearance of the handle is to have the metal rod now put in the frames of all good parasols, incased in bamboo. This adds little to the weight and much to the appearance. Be careful to dust parasols carefully and hang up in a closet when not in use. Dust cuts as well as soils them, and tight rolling up to put in cases also tends to early cutting of the silk. If you are limited to one parasol, choose a soft black silk, this is always good form and will do for any and all occasions.

Boots and Shoes.

Fra Elbertus, of East Aurora fame, once said in an after dinner speech, that the only claim to fame that Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, had, was that he enunciated the gospel that "a widow should never wear tan shoes." These are the sayings of mere men when they try to be funny. Tan boots are in and they are in to stay. The favorite shade is almost a brown, but even champagne shades are greatly in evidence. The new feature about the tan shoes is the enamelled leather. This is fine, because it can be worn for a season and requires no attention but wiping with a damp cloth and rubbing dry.

When tan boots were in before they were not considered dress, this year they are distinctly a dress boot or shoe, as the case may be, and look particularly well with the silk shirt waist suits I have been writing about. The stockings and gloves should, however, always match the shoes, to be in good taste. I have written at some length about the tan shoes because I know the proneness of the merchant in country towns to say that a thing is not fashionable if he does not happen to have it in stock. There is no mistake, tan boots and shoes are the proper thing and they are very cool and much easier to keep clean than black shoes. For very hot weather there will be a revival of the canvass shoes and these will be shown in white, grey and fawn. They are very daintily made and in addition to being comfortable, look dressy. In closing, I would like to say a word to the woman who has to be on her feet a great deal. Have rubber heels on every pair of boots and shoes you own and more especially those you wear in the house. They will add 50c. to the price of every pair and they will add 25 per cent. to the life of your shoes and still deduct 50 per cent. from your weariness in standing and walking. A rubber heel to your shoe is like the buffer in a car, it prevents the jar, it is also like an air cushion, and give a certain buoyancy in walking.

Colt Shook Ram.

The following is a little incident which came under the observation of the writer: Two young horses have been kept in a pasture with a number of cows and a year old calf, and they were accustomed to come up to the gate every night with the cows, the older leading the line and the younger bringing up the rear. Owing to a want of water in their own pasture some sheep were brought to the one in which the horses and cows were kept, and these sometimes followed the cows when they came at night to be milked. One night they did so, and when all the animals were standing together the ram butted the calf, which could not defend itself, and the older colt, going over to it, seized the ram by the wool on its back and lifting it entirely off the ground shook it vigorously. He then placed it on the ground and it quickly ran away, while the horse continued to stand guard over his friend.—Dumb Animals.

Light is the only protection against darkness.

When a man begins acting as if he thought he were a great deal better than anybody else, somebody else has given him ground for that conviction.

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"Flourfax" Fables

The Honest Flour Barrell and the Farmer's Wife.

Once upon a time an honest flour barrel was sent out to a farmer's house, full of flour—the wise wife looked the barrel over carefully and then said to her husband—

"I don't think this is the flour I wanted—I don't see 'Royal Household' on it."

"No; it ain't 'Royal Household'," said the farmer,

—but it is just as good

—for the grocer said so.

—"when I asked him for 'Royal Household' he recommended this kind, saying it was just as good, but didn't cost as much, so I said I'd try it."

"I wish you had done as I said,—I don't think much of these 'just as good' grocers any way—I want the flour that is purified by electricity, for I believe it is healthier. However, since we have got this, I suppose we might as well use it," and she had the barrel rolled into the pantry and opened up.

"Looks pretty good," she said to herself.

"Madam," spoke up the Honest Flour Barrel, "even flour experts can't tell about flour just by looking at it. Any flour, if there is no other flour to compare it with, looks white and nice—but if you bake it into bread and then bake 'Royal Household' into bread you can see the difference.

"Now, the truth about this flour is, it is made of cheap wheat, in a cheap mill, by a cheap process. Flour that is not highly purified contains a lot of stuff that isn't flour, and the process of taking all of it out is expensive—that's why pure flour costs more.

"Pure flour is worth all it costs, and more too. If you knew the whole truth about flour, you'd send me back and get 'Royal Household.'"

And the Honest Flour Barrel, having said its say, subsided, but after the first baking, back went the barrel to the grocer and "Royal Household" Flour was sent in its stead.

—now the Farmer's Wife uses "Royal Household" and nothing else.

—and the grocer doesn't sell the "just as good" flour any more.

Any reader may have the "Royal Household" recipes free by sending name and address to the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd., Montreal.

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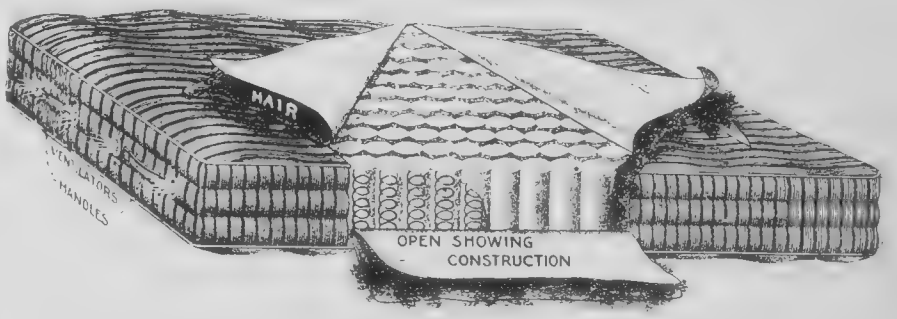

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Motto for the month.

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
When just the one if being kind
Is all this poor world needs.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Race Suicide.

The decrease in the number of children born to American parents has become so marked that the President of the United States has seen fit to take the matter up and discuss it seriously; it is the subject of endless newspaper and magazine articles in America; and of late ministers of the gospel in Canada have taken up the cry, and have gone so far as to declare that many society women in Canada practice "race suicide" regularly. Just here let me say that I believe it to be a libel on the women of Canada, of any and every class, to say that they are guilty of this most revolting of all crimes. I have no desire to discuss this crime, but the increasing decline in the birth rate among English speaking Canadians is in sharp contrast to the ever increasing birth rate among the French Canadians in the lower province. The Roman Catholic Church claims much credit for this, basing their claim on the strong teachings of the church on race suicide and the intense domesticity of their women.

The causes of the decreased birth rate among English speaking Canadians are complex, but two stand out with special clearness—the later date at which people marry and the bad health and lack of physical vigor of many of those who do marry. But without discussing the result of these causes at length I will take up the question as it appears to relate to farm homes.

Children on the Farm.

The hope of Canada is in her farm homes; here life should be the most normal and healthful, and it has always been a marvel to me that on farms, where the breeding of fine cattle, horses, hogs and sheep is a matter of almost daily discussion, there should be such small regard for the bearing and rearing, under the best conditions, of strong and beautiful children. The young farmer, who from childhood to manhood has heard the discussion of the need of preserving type, the transmission of traits from the sire, the care needed in the selection of dams in order that the best features of a breed be preserved and the undesirable ones eliminated, seems never for one moment to apply that knowledge when seeking a wife, and yet he hopes to have children, strong physically and bright mentally. Having married, this same young man will have great care for his brood mare lest she be strained by overwork and the life of her foal, or its beauty and strength be endangered; but he never pauses to consider whether his wife, who is a prospective mother, is being overdone by the burdens of the house; he does not ask either himself or her if she is living a life calculated to produce healthy offspring. The girl on the farm home, she has seen the beauty of form and the general perfection of type, which care in selection and breeding in the farm animals has produced. She loves a well bred horse and will often point out the things in which he resembles sire or dam. She chooses a husband and she hopes to have children, no decently minded normal woman marries without that hope at her heart, yet does she ever ask herself whether the husband she is choosing is the best possible father for the children she hopes to bear, is he sound physically and mentally, has he the qualities of gentleness and self-control she would like to see in her sons? The children that shall be born of this union will have immortal souls as well as mortal bodies, so that any mistake on the part of father or mother may affect them not only for time but for eternity. Have I put this matter too broadly? I think not. Race suicide consists not merely in refusing to bear children, but in a far greater degree in the bringing into the world of children who have not a fair fighting chance, children who are unwelcome, and for whose coming no loving thought has been taken, and for whom neither father nor mother have made sacrifices or exercised self-control. This is a great question and one of vital moment and I shall be glad to hear from either man or woman who has given it thought

Hymns and Their Writers.

The other Sunday morning a certain congregation in the City of Winnipeg listened to a very forceful sermon from Professor A. B. Baird, of Manitoba College, on the text "Lovest thou me more than these," and as a fitting climax to the discourse, sang that sublime hymn of the poet Cowper:

"Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His Word.
Jesus speaks and speaks to thee:
'Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?'"

From the fulness and vigor with which it was rendered it was evidently a favorite, and I could not help wondering how many of those who sang ever turned a thought to the gentle spirit who, out of his own darkness and despair, had sent the world so grand a message.

It is generally known that William Cowper suffered from melancholia that amounted at times to dementia, and Thomas Wright, author of one of the most recent of the Cowper biographs, states that this melancholia, though inherited, was increased by a dream which came to Cowper in 1773. The import of this dream was "it is all over, thou hast perished," and the remaining twenty-seven years of his life were shadowed by this terrible idea that his soul was lost. The marvellous thing is, that it was during this period that many of his hymns that breathe the most profound and trustful faith in and love towards God and the Saviour were written, and among them the one of which a verse has already been quoted. There is hardly a hymn in the numerous collection of sacred songs that more beautifully express faith, and the knowledge of the writer's acceptance with God. Cowper's hymns are wonders of phrasing and melody, but quite apart from literary merit this hymn is a masterpiece in its exposition of a loving and hopeful christian spirit. The first verse presents the idea of the Saviour making his old inquiry of Peter, "Simon, son of Jonah, lovest thou Me;" then in the second verse, the writer describes the work of Christ:

"I delivered thee when bound.
* * * *
Turned thy darkness into light."

And again

"Mine is an unchanging love.
* * * *
Free and faithful, strong as death."

And the last verse is the answer to the Saviour's inquiry,

"Lord it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore,
O, for grace to love Thee more!"

So many souls have been comforted by this hymn that the conditions under which it was written should never be forgotten, as they furnish at least one answer to the world-old question "the why" of pain and sorrow.

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The Agricultural College.

The appointment of W. J. Black, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, as principal of the Agricultural College, should be cause of rejoicing to the women of Manitoba, for Mr. Black, I am glad to say, is a firm believer in the girls as well as the boys of the farm homes enjoying the advantages of the college. He may not be able to do all he desires in that direction at once, but there is nothing like having a strong friend at court, one who has the will to help, when opportunity offers.

Three years ago when this college began to be seriously talked of, I made it my business to correspond with the women principals of several of the large agricultural colleges in the United States. Very bright and capable women they are, and easily able to give reasons for the faith that is in them of the advantage to the farm homes of the co-education for the boys and girls in the agricultural colleges. The answers from different states differed with the varying conditions, but there was one advantage in this form of education in which they were all agreed, and that was that it tended to keep both the boys and the girls on the farms. The percentage of marriages among the students after leaving college was large, and the percentage of divorces (that bug-a-boo of American life) very small. One principal, in speaking on this point said, "I do not wish to be understood as advocating co-education of farmers' sons and daughters in agricultural colleges, as a marriage market, but my observation, over a long period of years, has led me to believe that the only way to keep the boys on the farm is to keep the girls there, and there is no way in which the girls can be kept so readily as by giving them an interest in their work, and raising what has so often been regarded as drudgery to the dignity of a profession."

This is high testimony for the co-education of boys and girls from the farms in our agricultural college. One way in which the women of Manitoba could materially assist in the establishment of a women's section of the college would be by addressing letters of inquiry as to what is to be done in this direction to Mr. Black. This would give him an intelligent idea of the number of women interested and would materially strengthen his hands in applying to the government of the day to have this section established.

Books on Canada.

Some of the books on Canada are sufficiently provoking to make an angel take to very vigorous Anglo-Saxon. One Herman Whittaker has perpetrated an atrocity called "The Probationer," in which he describes threshing gangs running their machines with the thermometer 40 below zero, and the weather at Christmas being 65 and 70 degrees below zero. Quite a number of the farmers, according to this authority, live in huts made by threshing so that the straw will fall on a support of poles. He must have visited with the hogs when he came West. This man is one degree worse than John Foster Fraser, who, in his "Canada as it is," describes Fort William and Port Arthur homes as being built of rough-hewn logs; the city of Winnipeg as being noted for its absence of children and the Territory of Alberta as suffering from continuous rains, and yet claims to have travelled extensively in the Canadian West in 1904. Why, oh why, cannot these good people let the West alone, or tell the truth.

Sometimes I fear that women are not wholly blameless in this matter, particularly in writing to the old land. They speak casually of some spell of cold weather, which may be quite out of the usual, as if it is usual and common, and many women are painfully inaccurate in their statements of thermometer reading. Having lived 23 years in the Canadian West, I am fully aware that it is not

heaven, but neither is it the other place, and we should be careful that in a moment of passing depression or annoyance, we do not write letters that in the days to come will rise up and reproach us with our lack of loyalty to the land of our birth or adoption. I speak to women especially in this matter, because on them has fallen the full burden of the minor discomforts and privations; they have not the stir of outdoor life that makes matters so much more tolerable to their husbands and sons, so the small aggravations wear the nerves until, in very truth, the molehill becomes a mountain. But, dear women readers, rest assured no one really respects or relies on a woman who runs down the country she is getting her living from.

—o—

Breaks by the Way.

I am afraid the intelligent compositor must have been trying a laugh at my expense in last month's issue of the Western Home Monthly when he made the motto read, "Sow thin," etc. It was not my intention to intimate that good deeds are too thick in the world, but quite the reverse. The line should have read "Sow thou the seed of better deed and thought." However, this is not half so bad as the mistake in the society column of one of the city dailies recently, when a hostess was announced as having entertained a body of distinguished Methodist divines to a "progressive euchre" party. When the paper came out there was something doing immediately and the wrath of that hostess was something to dream of. What she had given was a "progressive supper" party. Evidently the proofreader had never attended such a function, hence his mistake.

Progressive supper parties are really delightful forms of entertainment, especially if the guests are carefully chosen. There must be an equal number of ladies and gentlemen at each table, and four or five tables are sufficient. The ladies remain seated at the same table throughout the supper, but at the will of the hostess a bell is rung and on the instant every gentleman changes his table, and, of course, his partner. The point is not to break a course, but, if possible, to have the bell rung when every man is talking. He must not stop to finish his sentence to his partner, but must conclude it to the lady at the next table he goes to, and it is her business to guess what the first of the sentence was. The prizes, if any, are given for the most successful number of guesses made. It is hardly possible to conceive of a jollier supper party, and when the tables are cleared away the fun is still continued by a comparison of the subjects covered in conversation at the different tables. Any hostess who is in search of a new entertainment and who has not tried this form of supper-party will certainly find it a success if she be only careful in the selection of her guests. Be sure that every man and woman has a sense of humor, and, if possible, see that all are "quick in the uptake," as our Scotch friends say.

Plant a Tree.

One of the joys of life is to watch things grow, and this is a joy that more often comes to the woman on the farm than the woman in the city. Of all things, in this land of wide open spaces, it is sweetest and most satisfactory to watch a tree grow.

A tree that is perfectly hardy in the West, and yet is not often planted is the Colorado blue spruce. It is a most beautiful tree, its rich bluey green foliage is very literally "a sight for sore eyes." One of the people who has made a great success of growing these trees is A. P. Stevenson, of Nelson, Man., and a post card dropped to him would bring all the information about where these trees are to be got and when and how they should be planted. But whether or no you can get a blue spruce, plant a tree every year, even if it is only a cottonwood. And as you plant the tree repeat the old Scotch saw:

"Be aye stickin' in a tree it'll be
growin' when ye're sleepin."

—o—

Increase the Parks.

It is pleasing to note that a number of the towns in the West are moving along the line of securing property for park purposes. Winnipeg has lately secured over 200 acres for a suburban park. It cannot be said that this is done as a venture in the metropolis, for they have had a number of parks for years. Property that years ago was simply a waste or level prairie has been turned into beauty spots. Grass plots and flower beds have been looked after in a nice manner. While it costs money to do the work it is money well spent. Portage la Prairie, Brandon and Saskatoon are moving in the same direction. Maple Creek has joined hands with the C. P. R. and the station grounds are to be fixed up along this line. This could be done at all the stations. Vice-president Whyte has more than once expressed his willingness to help along in this way; and we feel sure that the Canadian Northern authorities will be just as willing. Such improvements not only give pleasure to the residents of the place, but act as good advertisements with outsiders.

—E. C. H.

—o—

Sentence Sermons.

Kindness makes kin.

Faith gives fibre to life.

The sun that shines in the face arises in the heart.

A form of faith is apt to be a figure of speech.

God never visits one church in order to vanquish another.

Many prayers for blessings are but requests for burdens.

—o—

IT IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE—There is not a city, town or hamlet in Canada where Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is not known. Wherever introduced it made a foothold for itself and maintained it. Some merchants may suggest some other remedy as equally beneficial. Such recommendations should be received with doubt. There is only one Eclectric Oil and that is Dr. Thomas'. Take nothing else.

THE CROWN JEWEL STEEL RANGE will Please You.

A Distinct Feature of the Crown Jewel is

THE SWINGING KEY PLATE

which when raised enables you to broil a nice big steak and get that delicate flavor that nothing but live coals impart. It is equally adapted for toasting.

There are so many good points about the "Jewel" line that it is impossible to tell about them all in this space. Be Sure You See Them Before You Buy.

Made in Hamilton, Canada, by

The BURROW, STEWART & MILNE COMPANY, Limited.

Manitoba Depot: MERRICK, ANDERSON & CO., Winnipeg.

Don't Shoot Hawks.

Why shoot the chicken hawk when it comes within range? Why shoot any hawk? True, we all do so, or have done so. But why? For the most part, we fear, because we were simply savages out to slay; indeed, more savage than the savages, for the latter rarely killed animals which were not dangerous or which could not be used. Now, about the hawk, let us go once more to Uncle Sam, who is passing wise in many things. Uncle Sam has been studying hawks. Of 124 stomachs of marsh hawks which were examined, 45 per cent. of the hawks had been feeding on mice, 18 per cent. on other smaller mammals, 18 per cent. on reptiles, frogs and insects, and only a very low percentage on poultry and small birds. We do not find that this bird was so very destructive to quail and partridges after all; and it is under this latter supposition that most sportsmen shoot hawks when they find opportunity. Uncle Sam concludes that the march hawk is a beneficial bird and that its presence and increase should be encouraged in every possible way. Then why shoot it down, as it flies by, striving, in its own ancient and appointed way, to get on in the world, just as each of us is striving? We counsel each sportsman to think the matter over, and to remember that the results of scientific investigation are more conclusive than hasty suppositions.—Field and Stream.

—o—

Obstinacy is ever most positive when it is most in the wrong.—Mme. Necker.

Those who attain any excellence commonly spend life in one common pursuit; for excellence is not gained upon easier terms.—Samuel Johnson.

The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant.—Cecil.

A proud man never shows his pride so much as when he is civil.—Greville.

It never occurs to fools that merit and good fortune are closely united. —Goethe.

Farm Buildings of R. J. Taggart, near Souris, Man.

$1 Will Buy this FOUNTAIN PEN

We give a full guarantee with every pen sold. Non-leakable and made in fine, medium, coarse and stub points. Boxed with filler and full directions. This is not an experimental mail order proposition. We have sold hundreds of this pen and stake our reputation on it.

WE ALSO SELL BOOKS:

1. David Harum, - - 25c
2. John Burt, - - - 25c
3. Dr. Grenfell's Mission, 85c
4. Sandy, - - - - - 90c
5. Magnetic North, - 25c

SOUVENIR " " PLAYING CARDS

containing 52 cards in a pack, the face of each card, beside having the regulation "playing card" design, has also a photograph of some leading building or scene in the principal Canadian points from Vancouver to Halifax. The back of the card has the "Dominion of Canada" coat-of-arms, and, altogether, the pack make a very handsome souvenir to send to friends either in the United States or England. Each pack specially boxed ready for mailing.

75c.

Write for our Catalogue dealing with mechanical books such as Carpentry, Sign Writing, Bricklaying, Electricity —in fact, all the trades.

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I WOULD LIKE EVERY WOMAN to write for our New Styles and Samples of $4.50 to $12 Suits in cloth, silk, linen and lustres; also raincoats, skirts and waists. Manager SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO. London, Can. Dept. A

Send for samples of shirt waist suits in lawns, linen, etc., from $2.50 up.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number, stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Ladies' Shirt Waist or Blouse.

No. 6102.—Perhaps there is no item of feminine apparel to which more attention is devoted than the separate blouse or shirt waist. Instead of the plain severe styles with collar attached it has become a marvel of ingenuity. Indeed, so great is the variety of this accommodating garment that there is no woman—old or young—who cannot find one to suit her requirements. Among the new styles, those having the long shoulder effect, produced by yokes, and with stole front, hold first place.

In the model shown here, a very graceful shaping is given the yoke in both front and back. The fanciful shaped collar and cuff are both included in the pattern. The foundation is made with fulness on the shoulder laid in two deep pleats; and the pattern is made so as to bring the straight of the material under the arm. This advantage cannot be over-estimated, as everyone knows how annoying it is to have the shirt waist constantly creeping up over the belt whenever the arm is raised. The material required for 36 inches bust measure is four yards, 36 inches wide. The pattern includes a peplum, which is by far the most satisfactory way of finishing off a shirt waist. The sleeve is the regular bishop shaping, with full lower puff attached to a fancy cuff which carries out the idea of yoke shaping. The mode is suitable to any of the new waistings in either cotton, silk or woolen. A charming development would be in blue Louisine, using silk crescents for trimming. This trimming, however, might be in silk, cut out in new moon-shaped pieces and appliqued on, or one might use the popular teneriffe wheels, placing them as shown in the illustration. Russian crash—a fabric resembling towelling in quality—is a material which would combine beautifully with ecru crochet rings and half-moons. Silk, serge, albatross, challis, voile, mercerized cottons or waistings are satisfactory materials.

Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price 15c.

Ladies' Dressing Sacks.

No. 6170.—The Kimona has become almost as indispensable as the shirt waist, especially during this season. Every woman knows the comfort of these garments and they also know that they are quickly made. The newest dressing sacks are made now to follow closely the lines of the fashionable gown. Thus we have the long shoulder line, which, in this instance, is particularly charming, as the upper part of the sleeve forms the yoke and no shoulder seam is necessary.

The sleeve has a seam down the centre, thus insuring a good fit at the shoulder and a good flare at the lower edge. The pattern is very simple, only four pieces in the pattern. When it is made up as illustrated, it becomes a "thing of beauty" as well as a most practical little garment. Lawn, challie, silk and pongee are preferred materials.

Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Price 15c.

Boy's "Middy" Suit.

No. 4519.—Next to a boy's first bloomers in his after-memories comes the long trousers that make him feel like a "grown-up man." With a good pattern to follow, every boy should have his wish gratified, for at a very small cost the mother can make a most satisfactory garment. The pattern is simple and the most inexperienced seamstress will have no difficulty in building a stylish little suit to what the tailor would charge at least $10 for. The sailor blouse is made to slip on over the head and the trousers are of the regulation style.

While blue serge is a very satisfactory material for a woolen suit, white pique and duck are inexpensive summer materials. Such suits are not injured by frequent introduction to the wash tub and besides being very comfortable and cool for summer wear, certainly have a clean, refreshing air about them, when crisp and clean.

Material required for 9 year boy, 2 5-8 yards, 54 inches wide.

Sizes: 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 years. Price 15c.

RAINY RIVER MAN HAD TROUBLES

Till Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured his Kidneys.

Then his Rheumatism and Other Pains Vanished once and for all—His Case Only one of Many.

Barwick, Ont., June 1.—(Special).—That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Rheumatism or any other disease resulting from disordered Kidneys is the experience of many of the settlers in this Rainy River country. The case of William John Dixon of this place, is a fair sample of the work the great Canadian Kidney Remedy is doing.

"I had Rheumatism so bad I had to use a stick to walk. I had pains in my back and right hip, and I had no comfort in sleeping.

"I could no more than dress and undress myself for nearly two months, and I was for nearly three weeks I could not lace my right shoe.

"My brother advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and I did so. After taking three boxes I could walk around and lace up my shoes and do my work. Six boxes cured me completely."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure cure for sick Kidneys. Sick Kidneys are the cause of nine-tenths of the ills the human family suffers from.

Frog Catches Fish.

The fishing-frog buries himself in the mud, and lies partly concealed in weeds, where, with his huge mouth open, he fishes for his dinner. On the back of his head there are three spines, the longest of which he bends forward in front of his mouth, gently swaying it in the water. At last it attracts a young fish, which makes a spring for the suppposed worm, when—snap—the mouth is closed and Mr. Fishing-frog has his dinner. The archer fish catches his dinner in quite a different way. Just out of his reach, on the leaf of a plant growing on the river's brink, rests a fly, basking in the sunlight. Suddenly a little stream of water strikes it, it loses its balance, and falls, only to be caught by the cunning little archer below.—Field and Stream.

A Success Indicator.

Letters of congratulation are coming from all points of Ontario to Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Toronto.

When a manufacturer can turn out an article that will please people he can be assured of success. This is the happy position of the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, whose Gourlay piano has been received in all parts of Canada and by all classes of music lovers, professional and amateur, with every indication of aproval. Indeed, the splendid tone of the instrument is causing so much pleasure that scores of purchasers are writing back to the firm to express their congratulation. This is a condition of things almost unique in the piano business, and augurs continued success for the instrument. A few extracts from these letters follow:

Glen Allan, Ont.—"The Gourlay piano never suffers by comparison with others."

Brantford Ont.—"I wish to express our continued delight in the Gourlay."

Granby, Que.—"The instrument is a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Hamilton.—"The new Gourlay piano with which I am charmed."

Toronto.—"I feel it a duty to write and tell you of the satisfaction it gives."

Drayton, Ont.—"We are even better pleased with it than when we made the purchase in your warerooms."

Essex, Ont.—"The tone is so sweet and yet so full; the touch is elastic."

Preston, Ont.—"The tone is beautiful and delights everyone who has tried it."

House Cleaning

May be fraught with much pleasure if you daily keep before your mind's eye a picture of how each room in the house will look when you have brightened it up with even one piece of new furniture. The 600 illustrations in our **Free Catalogue "F"** will aid you in deciding what style of Chair, Cabinet, Table, Couch, etc., you purpose adding to the furnishings of your hall, parlor, dining-room or bed ro ...

$3.00 buys this fancy rocker. In the ordinary furniture store you would pay at least $4.50 for it. Made of solid golden oak, quartered so as to show a richly flaked grain, hand polished, roomy cobbler seat of leather, braced throughout with prettily turned spindles, dainty piece of raised carving on top of back. Its gentle rock is wonderfully soothing to tired nerves and restful to the weary body. The low price of this rocker permits every home the comfort and luxury of one.

Price from Winnipeg.. .. ..$3.00
Price from Factory.. .. ..$2.35

Catalogue "F" shows Rockers at prices upwards from $1.35.

$1.25 The possession of this reclining chair makes summer life in the West more worth the living. The real luxury of an evening's rest is unknown to you, if you have never sat in one of these chairs and peacefully inhaled the Western ozone. The chair is made so that it is adjustable to four different positions when in use. The frame is made of hardwood and is thoroughly tested. It is finished in oil, and covered with a good quantity of fancy duck, put on double in an endless piece, left moveable on the frame. This makes it more durable than other similar chairs. Weight 7 lbs.

A summer vacation each evening for **$1.25**

Catalogue "F" shows many other examples of Summer Furniture, such as Folding Tables, Beds, Stools, etc.

If you want furniture for any part of the house, a postal card may save you money. Catalogue "F" is mailed free. Better write to-day.

JOHN LESLIE, 324-328 MAIN ST. WINNIPEG

Spring.

Spring! Spring!
Ecstacy's sting!
Birth in the wildwood, and birds on the wing,
Living cries out to you
Fragrances shout to you,
What is all doubt to you,
—When it is Spring?

Birds! Birds!
Flocks of them—herds!
How can we welcome them merely with words?
Up from the sod to us
Daffodils nod to us,
Message of God to us,
Brought by the birds!

Love! Love!
Cloud-ships above!
Trees are a-tremble with messages of
One who will mate with us,
Sharing our fate with us
Who will be great with us
Giving us love!

Spring! Spring!
Wonderful thing!
Waves on the short of it clamber and cling,
Blossoms aburst in it,
Rapture is nursed in it,
Earth is immersed in it,
Exquisite Spring.

—Ethel M. Kelly, in Leslie's Monthly.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Sketch of the History of Music

(Continued).

By W. E. Martin, Mus. Bac.

The Greeks had a system of writing music, but since they regarded the first eight letters of their alphabet as quite sufficient for all purposes we may be certain that it was not a very elaborate one or else their music was extremely simple. In fact, we feel assured that their music was very simple, confined entirely to melodies; no appreciation of harmony seeming to have developed among them. In fact we find the appreciation of harmony to have belonged to the later development of all nations. The Highland Scotch bagpipe is a relic of the primitive harmonic idea, the "drone" being the first idea of a bass to a melody. We find the counterpart of this instrument still existent in Greece as a "zumpogna," no doubt from the Greek word "sumphonia," which term the Greeks used for combined music.

Their first letter was used as the initial letter of their minor scale, indicating its priority. Our own minor scale begins likewise.

The music of the early Christians was derived from either the Jews or the Greeks, and most likely from the latter. They varied its performance by having a single voice sometimes; sometimes the whole congregation together, and sometimes the whole congregation antiphonally, that is one side of the congregation singing in answer to the other, and this was probably a division according to sex—the men answering to the women—(and here, by-the-way, it strikes me, is the origin of the custom still found in practice in some parts of the country now-a-days of the men all sitting upon one side and the women upon the other in church).

The idea of harmony at this time was very rudimentary and was termed organum or diaphony, and consisted of part of the congregation singing the octave above or below, or the fifth above or fourth below, or the fourth above and fifth below, the melody This was very likely taken by single voices against the whole congregation, otherwise we cannot conceive how anyone could endure it. This form of harmony developed a sort of rudimentary counterpoint called descant. This consisted of the taking of two or more sounds by one voice, while one equal to them in duration was sustained by another voice.

(To be continued.)

Rev. C. W. Gordon.

In our July issue Mr. Cherrington Brown's interview with "Ralph Connor" will be continued. It will give an account of Mr. Gordon as a student, his work at St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg, his views of the political future, the religious outlook and the future of the West, with other items of interest which cluster around the life and work of the renowned author.

Growth of the Sewing Machine.

So little did Elias Howe realize the value the invention his lockstitch sewing machine was to be to the world that he gladly accepted the offer of a corset manufacturer of Cheapside, London, of £250 for the English patent, and went to work for him on a weekly salary in an attempt to further improve the machine to make it more suited to the manufacture of corsets. Visions of thousands upon thousands of toilers in sweat shops and factories turning out clothes ready for the purchaser to don were far beyond his ken. The idea that his genius would in half a century have driven the multitude of contented shoemakers from the face of his native land could never have entered his mind. For, after a checkered career of five year in London he pawned his American patents in England and returned to the United States a disappointed man—a confessed financial failure.

More fortunate than most despairing inventors, however, his return brought the awakening before it was too late. During his absence the sewing machine had excited public curiosity and he found that several machines infringing on his patent had been manufactured. Regaining possession of his pawned patent, he ultimately forced all makers to pay him a royalty of $25 on every machine they manufactured, realizing before his death fully $2,000,000 from this tribute. Still, he could hardly have foreseen that thirty-five years later the housewives of the United States would require over $10,000,000 worth of new machines each year, that factories handling cloth materials alone would want $3,000,000 worth more, or that the exports of machines and their parts would be valued at over $5,000,000 every twelvemonth.

Dreaming of Work.

When anyone dreams of his work he is working too hard. When anyone goes over and over again the duties of the day, while he should be sound asleep, he should let up. There is no surer indication in the world that the nervous system is being depressed and outraged by work than that it repeats itself during the night.

A long time ago the people used to believe in dreams. Dreams were regarded as omens or revelations. They were not wholly wrong. Some dreams are omens and revelations. For instance, when one dreams of his work at night, and imagines that he is struggling with the duties that he performs every day—such dreams are warnings that should be heeded. They are more solemn warnings than anything the doctor could say. Something should be done to let up, to dismiss part of the care and responsibility.

Must be Irish.

Oim readin' the papers,
And watchin' the capers
Of Russian and Jap on the land and the sea,
And it's got me to guessin'
Why some names is missin'
That should be conspickyus where fightin's so free.
Shure! Where are the Reillys,
The Caseys and Kileys,
And all of the tribes of the Macs and the O's?
There was never real fightin'
Or wrongs to be rightin'
But some o' thim byes 'd be striking their blows.

Now the longer I ponder
The struggle out yonder,
Where the Jap and the Russian are flirtin' wid Fame,
The more I'm decidin'
The Irishman's hidin'
Behind the quare front of a hay-thenish name.
If ye read of "Patriski"
Or "Michelkomski,"
Ye'll know they're not Russians at all if ye're wise,
And the Jap's 'Tomohara"
And "Teddyimagara"
Are simply good Connaught men there in disguise."

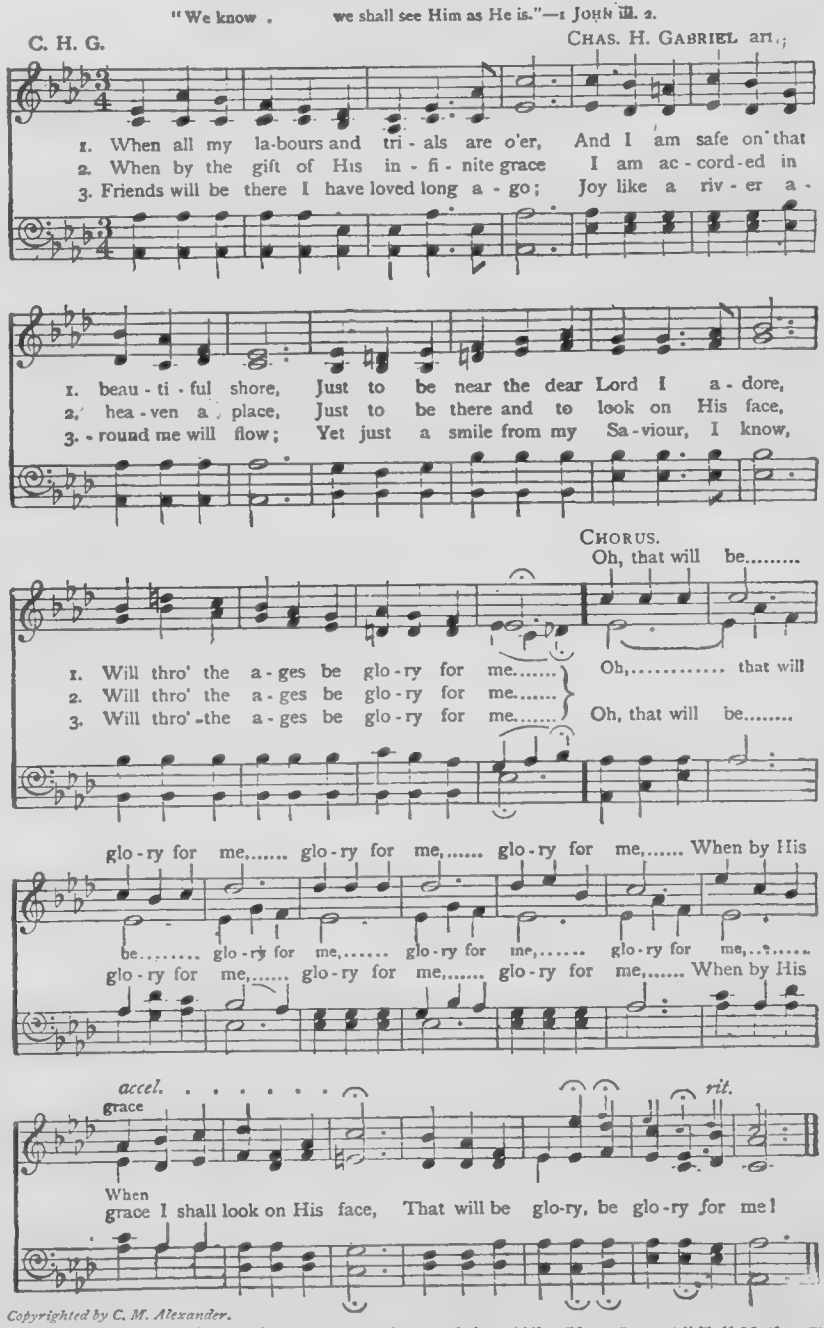
—Answers.

An Italian engineer, resident of Brussels, has invented an instrument which he calls a telecriptograph and which will reproduce in print all conversations held over the telephone. He has already secured patents in several European countries and in the United States, where he intends to install his service with the aid of some telephone company. Experiments given in public have demonstrated the wonderful achievement of the young inventor, who claims that his instruments will work without extra wires and apparatus over any ordinary telephone line.

The great Torrey-Alexander Revival just closed, held in Albert Memorial Hall, London, Eng., has stirred England's capital to the core. This "Glory" Song was one of the features of the meetings, and is being sung all over London. Whole trainloads of people sing it—newsboys whistle it. It is more popular than any music hall ditty. It is one of the 181 pieces in the Torrey-Alexander Revival Hymn Book.

The "Glory" Song.

"We know . . . we shall see Him as He is."—1 John iii. 2.



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The Torrey-Alexander Revival Hymn Book containing "The Glory Song," "Tell Mother I'll be There," etc. Words only edition, 5c. and 10c.; music editions, paper 35c., cloth 50c. Special rates for quantities. Orders by mail or wire promptly filled. Russell, Lang & Co., Booksellers and Stationers, 484 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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For us to supply you with Hair Goods by mail because our facilities for handling such orders are complete. We guarantee satisfaction, because the experts who have charge of this department of our business are men who have done nothing else but fill the wants of an extensive mail patronage for years.

The growth of our sales from month to month is a flattering proof of the appreciation Western people are showing for Hair Goods of superior quality and construction.

We have just issued a very interesting booklet for men, called "Heart to Heart Talks with Bald Men." It deals with Baldness generally, and prices and particulars regarding our ***Invisible Wigs and Toupees.***

For Ladies we have a pithy Pamphlet—"The Care of the Hair." Nothing could be more thorough on the subject "Hair," and the prices and styles of the varied range of creations for women.

Either of these booklets will be sent free on receipt of address.

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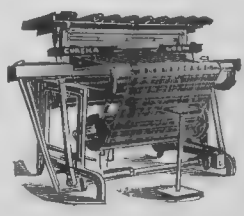

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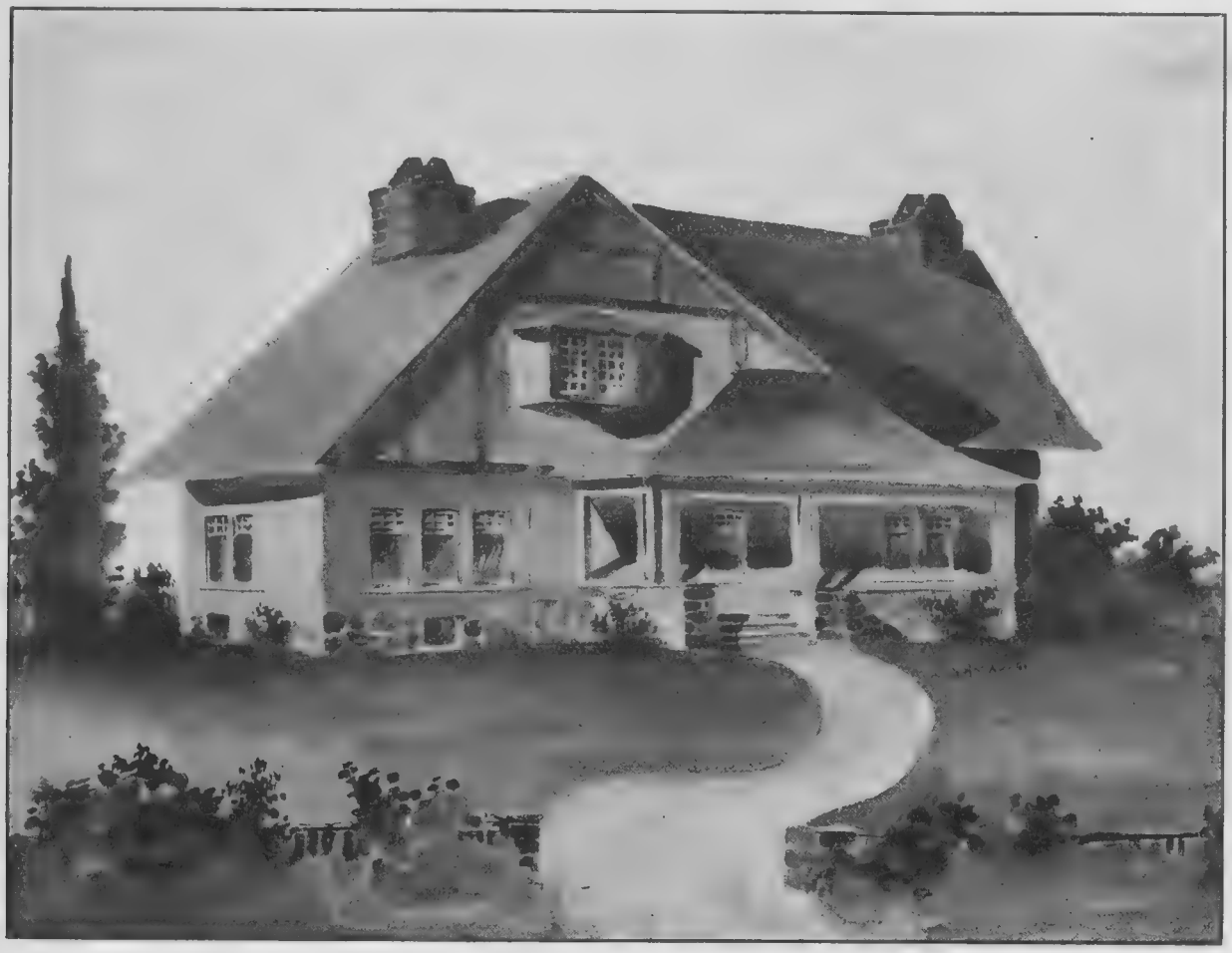
ORIGINAL PLANS

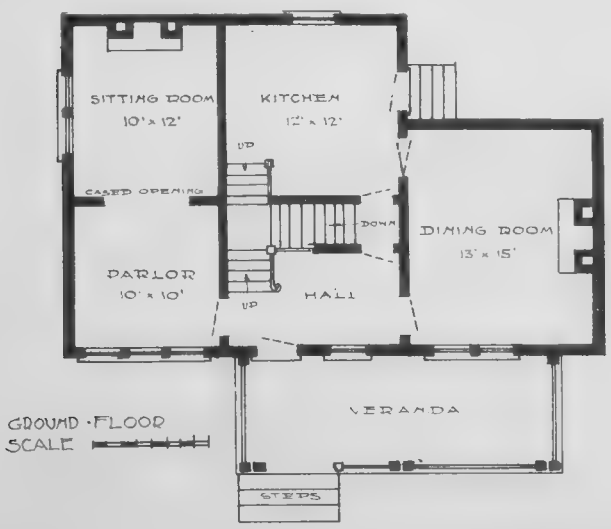
Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

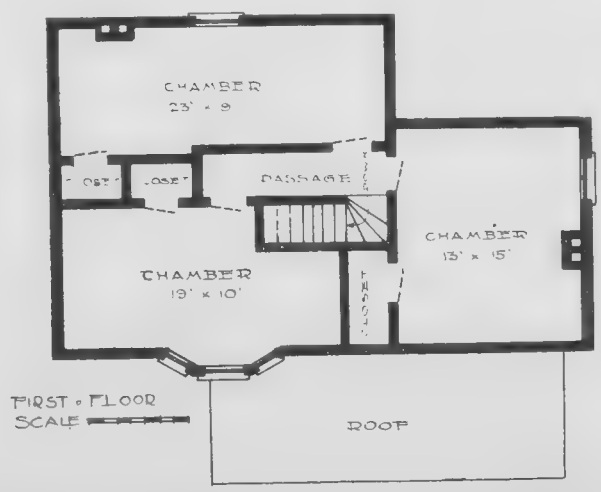
There is something very attractive about this cottage. Imagine the color scheme grey field stone to sill; red brick above; green timber work, and plaster stained, with roof a moss green, and the chimney red. It would make an ideal small home for the country. The broad verandah is at once inviting and hospitable, and this impression is not lost on entering the house, the hall being amply large and convenient, with easy access to all parts of the plan. Think of the sitting room on a howling winter night—the low ceiling, the brick fire-place with its cheerful fire, a few books scattered about, and this home gives you a sensation of comfort for, a cherry stain could be applied before oiling. The side of stairs sheathed with a beaded sheathing. In hall give all woodwork a coat of cherry stain and oil. If possible have kitchen floor of maple or cover fir floor with linoleum. The plumbing fixtures are not shown. There is a full basement with cement floor. The timbers are: Girder in basement, 6 x 10 inch, supported on 6 x 6 inch posts; ground floor joist, 2 x 8 inch at 16 inch centre; first floor, 2 x 8 inch at 16 inch centres; rafters, 2 x 4 inch at 16 inch centres; plate, 2 x 4 inch doubled; verandah posts, 6 x 6 inch; mock timber 2 x 8 inch, projecting 1½ inch from plaster. Hot air furnace. I think



which a more pretentious mansion could never do. The whole house is planned for comfort. If wished, the dining-room might be omitted, yet leaving a complete house. The dining-room could have a burlap about 4 feet high and a plate rail above this. First burlap a dull red; walls greenish; ceiling white; woodwork stained dark; a red brick fire-place with an over-mantle of wood. The rest of the finish is natural wood. The floors having two good coats of oil, and if a warm tone was wished this would make a very complete house.

Last summer a resident was bothered with large colonies of ants on his lawn. Their hills were so numerous that the lawn was nearly ruined. He took a small funnel and placed it in the entrance of each hill, and poured in two or three tablespoonfuls of gasoline. They gave him no trouble after that. Kerosene oil will answer almost as well.





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Boys and Girls

Boyhood.

I rather guess my pants are tored,
  My shoes are muddy too;
And if my mamma finds it out
  There'll be a great to-do.
But I had to make mud pies;
  And don't think it very bad
To tear my pants a-riding
  My little pony Gad,
'Cause he was getting frisky
  And I'se afraid he'd run away,
Unless I broke him over
  And taught him how to play.
I think I'll rub the mud off my shoes
  So mamma will not see,
And put my handkerchief in the hole
  I tored upon my knee,
And then I'll pick some flowers—
  She thinks they are very sweet—
And then she'll never notice
  The mud upon my feet.

An Afternoon's Amusement.

How slowly the hours passed. Only 3 o'clock, and it seemed days to Harry since morning!

Poor Harry had been ill; and now although he was much better, he had to lie in bed from morning till night. Mother had read to him and told him stories and he had looked at pictures, but now there seemed nothing else to do.

Two big tears slowly found their way out from under the eyelids which were shut tight to keep them back; for Harry was not a very little boy and would have scorned to cry had he been strong and well. Now he felt so weak and tired.

Just then mother came up to the bed and somehow her bright smile cheered Harry up wonderfully. She had both hands behind her, and Harry wondered what she had for him.

"You can never guess," she said. "It is round and lighter than air, and is a bright red."

"It is—no, it can't be, but I can never guess it, I know!" exclaimed Harry.

Just then, above mother's shoulder, Harry saw it—a bright red toy balloon.

"Why, what am I to do with it?" he asked.

His mother held the balloon by a string about a yard long, which was fastened to it. "You hold on to the string," she told Harry, "while I get some paper."

Harry watched her. She tore quite a good-sized piece out of a newspaper and then she took the balloon and tied the paper to the end of the string and let go. Harry thought, of course, it would go up to the ceiling; but no, down it came until the paper rested on on the floor.

Then mother tore off some of the paper to make it lighter and let it go again. It was going up this time, surely; no, down it came and again rested on the floor. Some more paper was torn off and this time it did not go to the floor, but sailed about the room as the little currents of air moved it.

Harry watched it. It hovered over the bed and then moved away again. It would be so quiet for several minutes and Harry would wonder if it would again come toward the bed; and soon back it would come.

Before Harry knew it, his mother brought him his supper and the lights were lit and the long afternoon had passed.—Selected.

In the Orchard.

Items of Interest.

A Swiss watchmaker has invented an electric watch which will run for fifteen years without being wound.

The ink plant of New Granada is a curiosity. The juice of it can be used as ink without any preparation. At first the writing is red, but after a few hours it changes to black.

Kissing under the mistletoe is an old English custom. The plant was held in high reverence by the Druids, who used a golden sickle with which to cut it, and afterward divided it among the people as a charm to protect them against disease and sorcery.

The cotton handkerchiefs provided for French soldiers have printed upon them a number of sanitary precepts to be observed on the march and during a campaign, and are further decorated with medallions containing pictures of officers of all grades, the different uniforms being so distinctly portrayed that a French private can tell at a glance to what grade any officer he may see belongs.

For a delicious meal, open and dish a tin of

CLARK'S Corned Beef

As nutritious as it is tasty and labor saving. Contains no bone, no waste. The most economical meat to buy—TRY IT. If your dealer cannot supply you write me and I will see that your order is filled.

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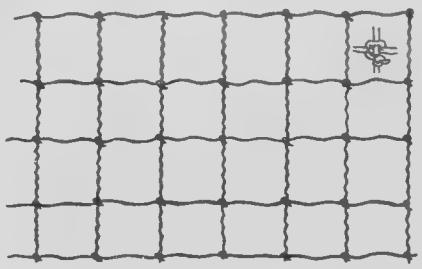

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CANCER!

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Cancer Cure, requests anyone suffering with Cancer to write him. Two days' treatment will cure any Cancer, external or internal. R. D. Evans, Brandon, Man.

A Spider's Web.

Have you ever stood before the web of a garden spider hung between two shrubs or dahlias, or along the bushes by the side of a woodland path, and wondered how the beautiful fabric was turned out by the spinner? Here is an account of the process by Prof. John Henry Comstock, in "Boys and Girls":

In making its web, an orb weaver first spins a number of lines extending irregularly in various directions about the place where the orb is to be; this is the outer supporting framework. Often the first line spun is a bridge between two quite distant points, as the branches of two separate bushes. How did the spider cross the gulf? It has no wings.

The bridge building can be easily seen on a warm summer evening, the time at which spiders are most active repairing their old nets and building new ones. The spider lifts the hind end of its body, and spins forth a thread; this is carried off by the wind until finally striking some object, it becomes fast to it. The spider then pulls in the slack line, like a sailor, and when the line is taut, fastens it to the object on which it is standing, and the bridge is formed.

After making the outward framework, the radiating lines are formed. A line is stretched across the space so as to pass through the point which is to be the centre of the orb. In doing this, the spider may start on one side, and be forced to walk in a very roundabout way on the outer framework to the opposite side. It carefully holds the new line up behind it as it goes along, so that it shall not become entangled with the lines on which it walks; one or both hind feet serve as hands in these spinning operations; for as the spider has eight feet, it can spare one or two for other purposes than locomotion. When the desired point is reached, the slack is pulled in and the line fastened. The spider then goes to the point where the centre of the orb is to be, and fastening another line, it walks back to the outer framework, and attaches this line an inch or two from the first. In this way all of the radiating lines are drawn. The next step is to stay these radii by a spiral line, which is begun near the centre, and attached to each radius as it crosses it. The turns of this spiral are as far apart as the spider can conveniently reach.

All of the threads spun up to this stage in the construction of the web are dry and inelastic. The spider now proceeds to stretch upon the framework a sticky and elastic line, which is the most important part of the web, the other lines being merely a framework to support it. In spinning the sticky line, the spider begins at the outer edge of the orb, and, in passing around it, fastens this line to each radius as it goes. Thus, a second spiral is made. The turns of this spiral, which is merely a temporary support, is destroyed as the second spiral progresses.

Too much mirth in business hours may prove a burden in profitable results.

A Canadian youth recently wrote to the Czar, asking for a collection of Russian postage stamps. His Majesty has granted the request, the boy receiving a handsome album containing a complete list of all the stamps issued at the Russian post office. The collection is estimated to be worth several hundred dollars.

A Sure Cure for Headache—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alterative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which cause the headache. Try them.

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Roasted by our new process. A blend of the highest grade Coffees, carefully and scientifically roasted and blended, for particular coffee drinkers. Guaranteed ABSOLUTELY PURE. A trial will convince you that this is the most perfect PURE Coffee on the market

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DON'T FORGET GOLD STANDARD TEAS

The Home

We'd Better Bide a Wee.

The puir old folk at hame, ye mind,
  Are frail and failing sair,
And weel I ken they'd miss me, lad,
  Gin I came hame nae mair.
The grist is out, the times are hard,
  The kine are only three,
I canna leave the auld folks now,
  We'd better bide a wee.
I canna leave the auld folks now,
  We'd better bide a wee.

When first we told our story, lad,
  Their blessings fell sae free,
They gave no thought to self at all,
  They did but think of me.
But laddie, that's a time a-wa,
  And mither's like to dee,
I canna leave the auld folks now,
  We'd better bide a wee.
I canna leave the auld folks now,
  We'd better bide a wee.

I fear me sair, they're failing baith,
  For when I sit apart,
They'll talk o' heav'n sae earnestly,
  It well nigh breaks my heart!
So laddie, dinna urge me mair,
  It surely winna be,
I canna leave the auld folks now,
  We'd better bide a wee,
I canna leave the auld folks now,
  We'd better bide a wee.

The Right Attitude.

Husbands and wives should seek to assume the right attitude at the outset. Husband and wife, because they are man and wife, cannot help but each having individual interests. But the attitude of the one to the other in regard to these things should not be one of disapproval, but of sympathy. The woman can, if she is willing, learn much that is helpful from base ball and the man much that he needs from his wife's music. Thinking how they acted about these things in their courtship days is a good reminder of how they should act now. Man is more selfish, women more self-sacrificing, and thus it is generally the man who enjoys his base ball while the wife gives up her music. Yet neither need to have given up if they had been wise enough to just keep on being most absorbed in their common interests and interested and sympathetic about each other's own personal ones.

Life is made up of little things and married folk who want to be happy must be unselfish and sensible and loving in little things.

Life's Transfigurations.

Life is composed of much that is commonplace. There are times when we move with languid feet toward goals which once had power to stimulate. But the inspiration has departed, leaving as a legacy a heavy heart and disappointed hopes. With leaden eye we look at visions that once allured us; time has changed their glory into a light that is dim and uncertain.

And yet life has its transfigurations. In these moments it shakes itself free from the shackles of custom and caprice, and stands upon some holy ground strong and beautiful in its reality. These experiences are never forgotten. It is then that the star of some fading hope shines again with its old-time splendor. The change may be wrought by the coming of a new idea that charms away discontent and gives salutary views of our surroundings. It may be that duty knocked at the door of an aimless life and pointed to provinces yet to be conquered. A vision of duty always transfigures. It may not be followed, but while we looked, the stir of might was felt, though we lacked the energy to pursue. Love, too, woos us to its glowing heights when the world's east winds chill us, and should we lend ourselves to the witchery of its spell quickly, the wintry experience would be forgotten in the warmth of the sunlit hills.

It is good to be alone with the silences, to let them change us from what we are to what we may become. In these moments we realize that the discords to which we have so long listened may be blended into sweetest harmonies, and that in the looms of our transfigurations as well as our commonplaces is the fabric of this complex thing we call life, completed.

Treat Hair Well to Keep it Bright

Glossy, wavy hair should be the lot of every woman, but how is it to be made glossy and waving? To this it may be replied that all hair is different and that each variety of hair requires its own treatment. The treatment which benefits one kind of hair will spoil another.

Hair that is dry is almost always filled with dandruff. This lies next to the scalp and is unpleasant to see. It does not really injure the scalp. But it sifts down and is not nice or well-groomed. Yet how can it be helped, where the hair is dry?

Here is a cure, and, while using it the hair is benefitted greatly. What is more its color is improved and, often, the very tone of the hair is made better, so that it has more life and springiness.

"Shampoo the hair in a good egg shampoo. Then rinse it a thousand times"—to quote a London hairdresser. "And when it is rinsed, dry it well.

"Now comes the final touch. Part off the hair in the middle, making a long parting right from the middle of the forehead down to the nape of the neck. Take a little almond oil, moisten the finger tips with it, shake them to take off the superfluous drop and gently 'spat' the parting. Go over it lightly but thoroughly until the scalp shines a little.

"Part off the hair again and go over the next parting in the same manner Do not use more than a suspicion of oil, not enough to drip from the finger tips and do not, on any account, get a particle upon the hair. This is the best known treatment for the scalp.

"Dry hair will never shine, but after the scalp is treated it will begin to be oily and will gradually take on a little gloss. Repeat and it will be positively lustrous.

THE BEST STARCH
is none too good for the careful, tidy housekeeper
THE BEST STARCHES
ARE Edwardsburg "Silver Gloss" AND Benson's "Prepared Corn"
Remember this when buying
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Send us $1.00 deposit, state if the $4.75 or $5.75 gun is wanted. State gauge desired, and we will send this guaranteed long distance single barrel shotgun C.O.D., by express, subject to examination, you to pay the express agent the balance and express charges, after you find it perfectly satisfactory. This Fine Gun is made by expert gun makers, every part and piece fitted perfectly and reinforced so it cannot shoot loose or shaky, strong rigid steel frame built extra solid to withstand the use of any NITRO POWDER, latest improved top snap and rebounding hammer, best quality steel works, extra strong spring, fine walnut stock heavy rubber butt plate, full pistol grip, thoroughly tested for pattern, penetration and strength.
For $5.75 in all we furnish the gun with latest improved automatic shell ejector which throws shells out automatically, making it possible to reload in rapid succession. Order to-day or send 10c. for our Special Gun Catalogue contains single barrel shotguns at $4.25 and up, and everything in rifles, revolvers, ammunition, and sporting goods at factory prices.

Breech loading, made with finest crucible rolled steel barrel, taper choke bored to any size from the solid bar and bored for any nitro powder. Choice of 12, 16 or 20 gauge, 30 inch barrel.
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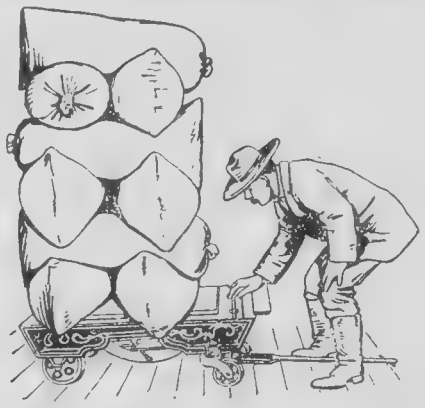
Wagon Scale, 4 wheels, 2000 lbs. capacity.
Every farmer should own a SCALE that will insure protection against loss when selling or imposition when buying his many farm products or supplies.
Constant watchfulness for little business "leaks" is necessary for farming success.
Large losses must be stopped first, but it doesn't take long for a few trifling leaks, here and there, to become large losses too, in the aggregate.
It is not an uncommon thing for a buyer's scale to "weigh short" 5 per cent., while it occasionally happens that the shortage reaches 7 or 8 per cent.
Let us see what it means to you if you get cheated even so little as the lowest estimate, 5 per cent. If your total grain sales were $1000.00 yearly, 5 per cent. short weight would mean a loss of $50.00; on $400.00 worth of poultry the loss would be $20.00; on $200.00 worth of butter it would be $10.00; on $1000.00 worth of other miscellaneous farm produce, sold by weight, $50.00. This would mean a total loss of $130.00 from petty shortages in weight on a moderate sized farm. Imagine what it would figure at 8 per cent.
What can be saved in one year would pay for a Chatham Scale several times over. Can you afford to be without one when you can buy a
Chatham Farm Scale
On Two Years' Time, No Cash to Pay until Nov., 1905
A scale is as necessary on a farm as in a store. There is not a day in the year that a farmer doesn't lose some money if he doesn't own one. After the first year a Chatham Farm Scale becomes a money maker as well as a money saver, for, having paid for itself in one year, and still making money by saving it, that money goes into the bank and draws interest.
No Cash Required until Nov., 1905
Don't be without a good farm scale, and, while you're about it, get the best—the Chatham.
This Scale is made in two styles—two-wheel Truck Scale and four-wheel Wagon Scale. Both are fully set up, ready for use, when shipped. They are mechanically perfect, all pivots and bearings being protected from damp and dirt, and the parts interchangeable—and easily replaced. It is the simplest and handiest scale made. Drop a lever and it becomes a strong truck; raise the lever and you have an accurately adjusted, perfectly constructed farm scale.
When the lever is dropped, no weight or wear comes upon the knife edges of the scale. No other farm scale has this feature, by virtue of which our scale averages to wear years before the pivots get dull.
Every Chatham Farm Scale is carefully tested by the Government Inspector of Weights and Measures, and carries his certificate of accuracy.
We have a booklet giving full particulars FREE. Send for it to-day.

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AGENTS WANTED. Good men who show evidence of true salesmanship will be offered special inducements. 607

The Wife's Lament.

I love that gallant man of mine,
I love him wondrous well;
That he returns my love he finds
A thousand ways to tell.
But yet sometimes I almost wish
We might half-strangers be,
So he would smile his sweetest smile
When looking straight at me.

No matter if his face be dark
With cares we share together,
No matter if our skies be spread
With clouds that bode ill weather;
Whene'er we meet some friend, he'll greet
Her with a smile angelic,
But in a trice the smile has gone,
Nor left one little relic.

Of course I know; we would not show
The cares we bear, to others;
The crosses we endure must be
Kept hidden from our brothers.
I know that in his heart he smiles
For me always, God bless him;
And should I make my foolish plaint
'Twould but the more distress him.

But O to have the smiles he gives
To others, though unmeaning,
Bestowed on me whene'er I see
Our ship of joy careening—
'Tis thus sometimes I almost wish
We might half-strangers be,
So he would smile his sweetest smile
When looking straight at me.

Onion Cure for Pneumonia.

Medical Talks says: We not only believe the following to be a good application in cases of pneumonia, but in all other acute lung affections of winter, such as bronchitis, laryngitis, congestion of the lungs, and common colds that settle on the lungs, and catarrhal conditions of the lungs. It is a very excellent application. In addition to the use of the onions as an external application, they are excellent used internally. Cooked onions make a very good diet for lung diseases. Roasted onions are better than boiled onions, as they retain more of the juices of the onion:

"This remedy, which is claimed to be infallible in pneumonia, was formulated many years ago by a well known physician in New England, who never lost a patient by this scourge. Take six or ten onions, according to size, and chop fine. Put in a large spider over a hot fire, adding about the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar to form a stiff paste. Stir thoroughly and simmer five or ten minutes. Put into a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply to the chest just as hot as the patient can bear it. In about ten minutes change the poultice, and thus continue reheating and applying, and in a few hours the patient will be out of danger.

"And just here another word of caution. In applying this or any other hot poultice care must be exercised not to let the patient get chilled during the changing process. Have the hot one already to go on before the cooling one is removed, and make the exchanges so swiftly and deftly that there is not a moment's exposure of the body surface, which becomes exceedingly sensitive to a chill."

The Woman of the West.

In a paper read by W. Fulton at a meeting of "Old Timers" in Portage la Prairie recently, the following tribute to the pioneer women of the West was deservedly paid and is worth publishing far and wide. It might be applied with equal truth to the pioneer women of today who are helping their husbands on lonely homesteads.

After speaking of the reasons for the wonderful progress of the country, Mr. Fulton said:

"I think there is one influence that has been overlooked. The social side of this great west has not been considered. We have all been so anxiously looking for results of a cash kind that even our pioneer women have not been given due credit for their share done in the founding and building of Canada's Western Empire. Women carried whatever culture you find here. Whatever is of the finer quality belongs to her in the West. The artistic is of her creating. She was the hostess when hospitality cost more than money count. She led the intellectual thoughts that followed after, and it matters not whether she was lettered or dowered with what we call brains. She gave to the west all that is highest in intelligence. Her influence has been far reaching. She made the first home here. Man without her was but a tented animal living without joy, without intelligence and without reverence, in his quest for gold. Gold in the chase, in the field, in barter and trade, he thought only of that, but the woman thought of her children and that is why you find the domination of good in the West where many influences were againnst the good.

In the Canadian West woman dominates, not in numbers, it is true, but in moral force and that is because she has been the guiding star of our unlimited plains. Who was it that kept hearts from breaking in that early struggle and held out through failure, loss and disappointment but the woman of the home?

Who was it tramped the way west and tented in all sorts of weather, putting up with conditions not far removed from impossible, cheerful, encouraging, helping with superhuman strength and forgetting herself in her efforts to succeed? Who was it that was calm and ended the day with the prayer of cheering? Who attended the sick and visited the lonely and helped the more helpless ones? Without the woman of that early day how many men would have stayed and won? The clergyman has done his duty nobly to the west. The learned professor has given knowledge, and knowledge, we are told, is power, and merchants and settler have given numbers to fill. But above church and state help, there is still a greater power felt throughout the West today, and if you come to consider what it is you will know and understand as well as admit, it is the influence of woman which has been both the survival of hope as it is the full tide of joy in this the noonday of our triumph.

Perhaps she is an old, worn, time-marked woman whom you, newcomer, owe the new home to. She may be sleeping beneath the prairie sod, but she is none the less your benefactor and your friend.

Wherever you meet a pioneer woman in the prairie west, feel that you owe her a worship which is only second to that of your Maker, without her brave heart, without her strong hand and unswerving devotion to duty, what would the west be today?"

Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children, and should be expelled from the system.

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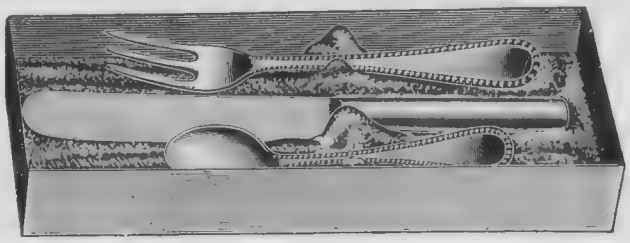

Child's Set—No. 7

Really useful, besides being attractive. Silver-plated steel knife, Victoria silver fork and spoon, in fancy-lined box.

Sent postpaid for 2c stamp and *30* Blue Ribbon Coupons, or for *75* Coupons and 15c in stamps.

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS FOR FREE PREMIUM LIST, WITH 4 PAGES SELECTED RECIPES.

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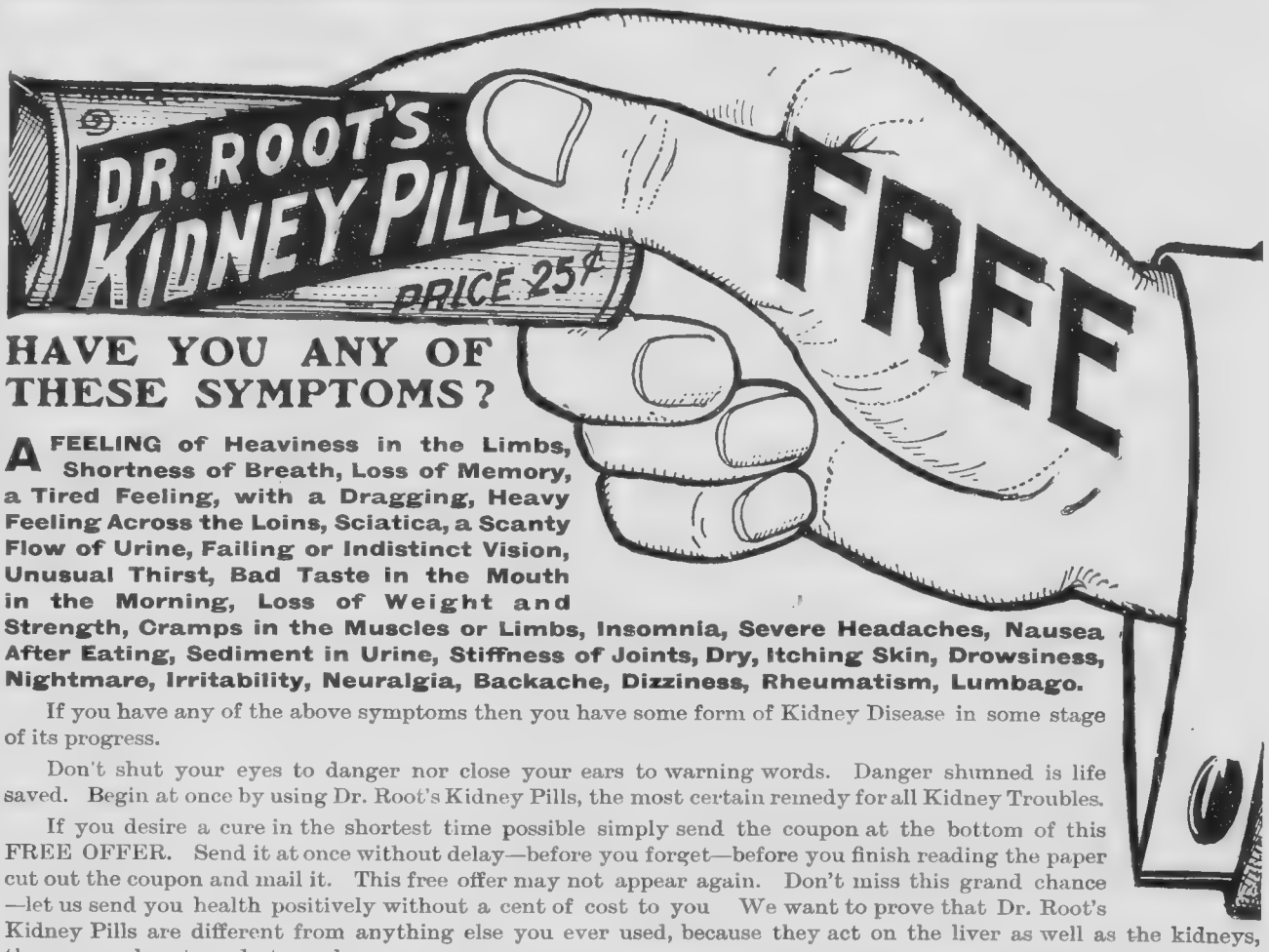

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

A FEELING of Heaviness in the Limbs, Shortness of Breath, Loss of Memory, a Tired Feeling, with a Dragging, Heavy Feeling Across the Loins, Sciatica, a Scanty Flow of Urine, Failing or Indistinct Vision, Unusual Thirst, Bad Taste in the Mouth in the Morning, Loss of Weight and Strength, Cramps in the Muscles or Limbs, Insomnia, Severe Headaches, Nausea After Eating, Sediment in Urine, Stiffness of Joints, Dry, Itching Skin, Drowsiness, Nightmare, Irritability, Neuralgia, Backache, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Lumbago.

If you have any of the above symptoms then you have some form of Kidney Disease in some stage of its progress.

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COUPON

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Please send me as per offer above **FREE** one of your regular sized twenty-five cent boxes of Dr. Root's Kidney Pills. I promise to use Pills as per instructions.

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Fill out and mail coupon at once to address below. Do not allow this offer to slip your memory. It may not appear again and must be sent direct to this office. No druggist is authorized to accept these coupons.

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HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Pea Soup.
Cod Steaks, Portugaise.
Stewed Breast of Mutton, Green Peas.
Cold Chicken.
Lettuce Mayonnaise.
Cocoanut Pie.
Crackers and Cheese.

Of course, this time of the year salads are the go. All vegetable salads and fruit salads are the best. Lettuce, tomato, egg, combination, Macedoine, jardiniere, fish salads, such as salmon, lobster, sardine, brook trout, smelts, anchovy, etc. Fruit salads: Orange, pear, cherry, apple and celery, apple, apple and walnut, strawberry, mixed fruit, etc., and I consider that for a nice cold luncheon salads are: Potato, Queen, Rachel and Jockey Club. Of course you must be careful with your dressings, such as French, vinaigrette, Hollandaise, cream, and the queen of all, mayonnaise.

French Dressing.—Grate one onion, mix it with four parts of Wesson's oil to one part of tarragon vinegar; add some chopped parsley, black pepper and salt.

English salad dressing same as above only adding a small portion of made mustard to it.

A Few Simple Breakfast Menus.

Shredded Wheat Biscuits, with Strawberries.
Angels on Horseback.
or
Oyster Kromeskies.
Broiled Sausages and Bacon.
Bread and Butter.
Fig Marmalade.
Tea and Coffee.

Cream of Wheat.
Soused Mackerel.
Grilled Ham a la Diable.
Graham Bread Toast and Honey.
Cocoa and Coffee.

Two Simple Luncheon Menus.

Beef Broth, with Rice.
Fried Salmon, Maitre d'Hotel
Macaroni a la Creole
Veal and Ham Pie
Potato Salad
Pears a la Reine
Cheese
Iced Tea

Combination Salad.

A nice one can be made of all kinds of vegetables; also one like this:

Sliced radishes, potatoes, beets, boiled carrots, sliced cucumbers, shredded lettuce, and string beans; you can either use a French dressing, cream, or a thin mayonnaise.

Vienna Pot Roast.

Take a thick part of a flank of beef or a piece of the shoulder; place some sliced vegetables, a few cloves, bayleaves, peppercorns and a little parsley and a few slices of bacon in a roast pan. Place on your beef; baste with a little beef dripping; put it in the oven and roast till nice and brown all over; turn occasionally. Then place it into a saucepan, with its juice and vegetables, season with salt and pepper; cover it up tight; let it simmer till tender. Then take up your beef, strain off and skim off all the fat, thicken the gravy with a flour and water thickening. Cut your beef into neat slices, place on your serving dish, pour around your gravy and garnish with either noodles or potato pancakes.

Melba Sauce.

ED. NOTE.—Through an error in the copy of last month's "Household Suggestions" the recipe for Melba Sauce was wrongly printed, so, for the convenience of our readers, it appears below.

Mince finely two onions; place them in a saucepan with one cup of sauterne, reduce to half its quantity, then place onto it two pints of tomato sauce; let it come to a boil. In the meantime procure six egg yolks, add to them a little cold tomato sauce, beat them well, then stir them into the above boiling mixture; stir till it thickens, then work in four ounces of sweet butter, little by little. Do not let it boil any more after adding the eggs, etc.

Tomato Sauce.

Line a saucepan with a few pieces of rind of bacon, two onions, three carrots, a little celery and parsley, thyme and marjoram, if green (if not green and in a dry state, tie it up in a little bit of cheesecloth, but do not add it till you add the liquid), about fifteen peppercorns, crushed, five cloves and three bay-leaves; pour on a little of Wesson's cooking oil, fry the ingredients till a light brown, then put in some flour to form a roux, pour on about half a gallon of good beef stock, stir well to make it smooth, then place in about three cans of tomatoes (if fresh ones are used, take about ten pounds cut into dice), let it boil one hour, then strain off. If color is not red enough use a few drops of carmine (obtainable at the Hudson's Bay Co. drug store), season with salt and pepper and a pinch of salt.

Breakfast Rolls.

Sift together a quart of flour and a teaspoonful of salt, and rub into the flour a tablespoonful of butter. Dissolve a third of a yeast cake in warm water, and stir it into a cup of fresh blood-warm water. Add a heaping tablespoonful of sugar and pour all into the flour. Mix to a sponge and set to rise for six hours. Stir thoroughly and set for two hours longer, then add just enough flour to allow you to knead it, turn upon a floured board and knead for three minutes. Cut into rounds, butter these lightly and fold over upon themselves, making a half-circle. Set to rise for two hours and bake in a hot oven.

A Nice Omelette

Can be made out of remains of cold meat by chopping up the meat fine, together with some onions, parsley and thyme. Beat up well 6 eggs, a pinch of salt and 1 tablespoon of milk or water. Add this to your meat, etc., stir well together, put into a nice omelette shape, and fry to a nice brown. Garnish neatly with parsley and serve at once.

Wrinkles.

Soak one pint of stale bread over night. Drain thoroughly in morning. Add two eggs, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one tablespoonful of lard and butter mixed, flour to make a stiff batter, and one teaspoon baking powder. Drop on a well buttered pan far enough apart so they will not touch. Bake in a quick oven. Eat with syrup.

Ragout of Beef, Pork, Mutton or Veal.

Cut remains of cold meat into neat squares, fry in a little grease with some sliced onions, and when somewhat brown add a little flour, stir well together for a few minutes, then pour over it some boiling stock or water. Then add some sliced canned or fresh mushrooms and a little sauterne or chablis wine and salt and pepper. Let it stand for twenty minutes, keeping well skimmed. Prepare some nice mashed potatoes, form a border of them, and dish up the meat in the centre of the border.

Meat Pie, Turkish Style.

Roll out some nice short paste, say one-eighth of an inch thick, cut into squares; brush over with some beaten eggs and broth; spread over it some nice mince of cold meats; fold over sides and ends so as to form an oblong; then drop into boiling lard. When nicely browned, dish up neatly on a folded paper or linen napkin and serve with fried parsley.

Scrambled Eggs a la Lyonnaise.

Saute a few minced onions for a few minutes without browning; add to them some finely chopped parsley and some beaten eggs and a little milk; stir over the range till set; place on triangular slices of buttered toast. Quantities, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon of chopped parsley, pinch of salt and pepper, ½ oz. of butter, 6 eggs, ¼ pint of milk.

To Those of Sedentary Occupation—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

EDWARD DUPONT
CHEF AT THE MARRIAGGI
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Will furnish any lady with helpful suggestions regarding how to prepare the best and most appropriate menu for Suppers, Parties, Dinners, etc. When writing him please mention The Western Home Monthly.

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CEYLON TEA. This is proof of the fact which we have always asserted, viz.: that in no other tea can you get the same quality or flavor. Lead Packets only, 50c., 60c., 70c. per lb.
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Granulated Sugar

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B 2—Babyor Child's Gold-Filled Chased Ring, single stone setting. Fair quality, should last a couple of years. For 30 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 10c.

R 22—Gold-Filled Band Ring, set with three stones. All sizes, Baby's, Misses' and Ladies'. For 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.

R 131—Gold-Filled, three stones, Emerald, Ruby, Amethyst, Turquoise, or Opal. For 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 25c.

R 187—Gold Filled, single stone, Emerald, Amethyst, Turquoise or Opal. For 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 25c.

B 8924—Handsome Gold Filled, two stone Opals in twin setting. For 50 Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.

R 9—Fancy Chased 14k. Gold-Filled Ring. For 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 25c.

R1722—Gold Filled, single stone. Emerald, Amethyst, Turquoise, Opal. For 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.

R 31, 33—Gold Filled Fancy Band Ring, Belcher setting. Choice of Emerald, Ruby, Amethyst, Turquoise, Opal. Manufactured in Misses' and Ladies' sizes. For 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 25c.

R 26—14k. Gold Filled Ring, Tiffany Setting. Choice of Amethyst, Emerald, Ruby, Turquoise. For 150 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 50c.

Ladies' or Gentlemen's Solid Gold Shell Oval Wedding Ring. Manufactured especially for us, and guaranteed to wear five years with ordinary care. For 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 25c.

R 102—Solid Gold Shell "Princess" Ring. Choice of Diamonds or Garnets. The stones are doublets, an exact imitation of the real gems, and will last a lifetime. Free for 200 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 50c.

Lady's Signet Ring, gold-filled, with two of your initials engraved thereon. Free for 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 25c.

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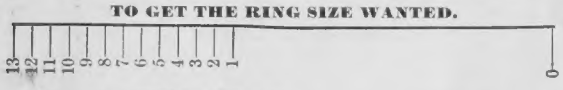
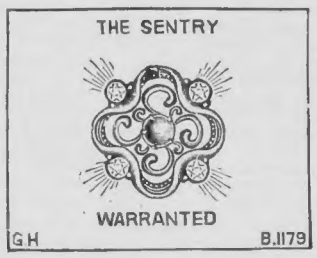


Measure with a piece of string around the second joint of the finger for which the ring is intended. Cut off the exact length of string which encircles the finger, and place one end at 0; the figure which the other end of the string touches will be the size of ring wanted. When sending for a ring, send that number, as well as the premium number of the ring desired.

B 1088—Crescent Brooch Pin, with flowers enamelled in dainty colors. Free for 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 25c.



B 1179—Enamelled Brooch Pin, four brilliants, with assorted colored centre stone. Free for 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.

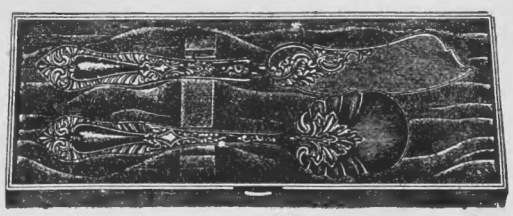
F 81—Gold or Silver Rope Effect Wire Bracelet. This is one of the latest novelties. Free for 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 5 Trade Marks and 15c.

B 88—Fleur-de-Lis. Heart enamel chatelaine brooch pin. Can be used for brooch pin or watch pendant. Choice of turquoise or red enamel. Free for 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.

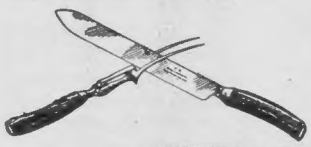
Chased Silver Filled Chain Bracelet with lock and key, for ladies or children, both sizes. Free for 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 25c.

This ***Serrated Bread Knife*** free for 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 10c.

Silver Salt and Pepper Shakers.—The pair free for 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or for 25 Trade Marks and 10c.



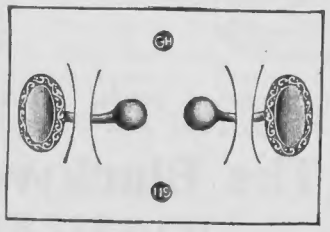
Pretty patterned ***Butter Knife & Sugar Shell.*** The pair, in a nice box. Free for 100 Comfort Trade M'ks or 25 Trade Marks and 25c.



This handsome set of ***Carvers*** free for 200 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 50c.

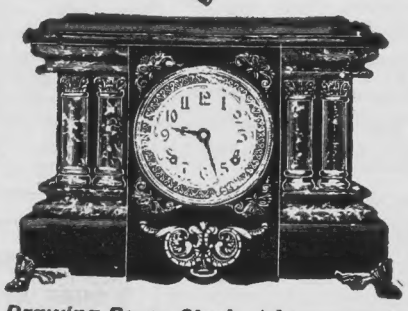
T 44—Gold Plated Cable Link Neck Chain, with Roman Gold Charm. Stone setting. Locket opens. Space for two photos. Free for 100 Comfort Trade Marks or 25 Trade Marks and 25c.

No. 28458—Elephant Grained Ladies' Hand Bag. 8-inch 4-balled frame; 2 compartments, 1 fitted with purse; moire lined; braided handle; 4½ in. deep. Free for 400 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and $1.00.



L 119—Rolled Gold-Plated Link Cuff Buttons. Bright finish. Sent for 50 Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.

N. 398—Ladies' Shirt Waist Set, Turquoise, consists of four pieces, three small hearts and heart-shaped brooch, to each set. Free for 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 5 Trade Marks and 15c.



Drawing Room Clock—Adamantine enamelled case, double side pillars, imitation marble ornamentation, ivorine dial, gold plated ornaments, eight day, hour and half hour strike, cathedral gong movement, 13 inches high, 17 inch base. A beauty. Packed and shipped F.O.B. for 25 Comfort Trade Marks and $5.00, or free for 2000 Trade Marks.

Ormolu Gold Clock, 10 inch. high, very fanciful and decorative, a real gem. For 25 Comfort Trade Marks and $2.50, or free for 1000 Trade Marks.

499-Gold Filled Heart Brooch. Mounted with choice imitation pearls, very dainty. 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 25c.

No. 28420—Walrus Grain'd Finger Bag. Three-inch two-balled fancy fr'me; strap handles; white kid lined: 3 in. deep. Free for 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 25c.

A 33—Mother of Pearl Beauty Pin. Three to each set. Set sent for 25 Comfort Trade Marks, or 5 Trade Marks and 10c.

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Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls.

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number The Monthly. Answers will appear in the July issue.

Puzzles.

1. When is a cane-bottomed chair like a bill?
2. When is a pig heavier than a pig?
3. I am composed of 16 letters:
My 3-10-2 is not wet;
My 14-5-8-11-6 is a severe pain.
My 12-1-15-8-16 is a young person.
My 7-9-13-4-2 is white.
My whole is a strong acid.
4. What is the difference between a donkey and a postage stamp?
5. What is killed, yet never dies.
6. Word square:—
A small rope.
A medley.
Delivers.
A portion of medicine.

Answers to Puzzles.

1. The wind.
2. When it is Browning.
3. A leek.
4. Fork.

Prize Winners.

Jennie Magoon, Oxford, Wis.
Laura Hutchinson, Forrest, Man.
Wm. Gieselman, Dundee, Minn.
G. M. Graham, Rosebank, Man.
Mrs. J. C. Schade, Morningside, Alta.
Phil. Foat, Carstairs, Alta.
Walter Marquis, Killarney, Man.
Viney P. Wilson, Hilton, Man.
Sadie Copeland, Carroll, Man.
Joseph Bentley Leland, Poplar Glen Farm, Manitou, Man.
Annie M. Hazelton, Fargo, Ont.
Alfred Finnemore, Cobourg, Ont.
Edith E. Logan, Nesbitt, Man.
M. E. McLauchlin, Grenfell, Assa.
Gilbert S. Hern, Hamiota, Man.
Mrs. A. J. Wallace, Dalesboro, Assa.
Gordon Tyndall, Liberal, Alta.
Gertrude Gould, Box Alder, Ont.
Mrs. M. V. Obert, Frobisher, Assa.
Blanche Keeping, Austin, Man.
Wm. J. McQueen, Jr., Glen Adelaide, Assa.

The New Blind Man's Buff.

In this game no one is blindfolded, but the one who is to play the part of blind man is seated on a footstool facing a stretched white sheet—just as you would arrange one for a magic lantern. Some way behind him a candle is put on a table; then the children pass one at a time between the light and the blind man, throwing their shadows on to the sheet, and by their shadows he has to guess who it is that is passing behind him. The child whose name he guesses correctly has to take his place. It is a pretty game and possesses a good deal of interest. Care must be taken to have the blind man seated sufficiently low so as not to cast his own shadow on the sheet.

An Amusing Trick.

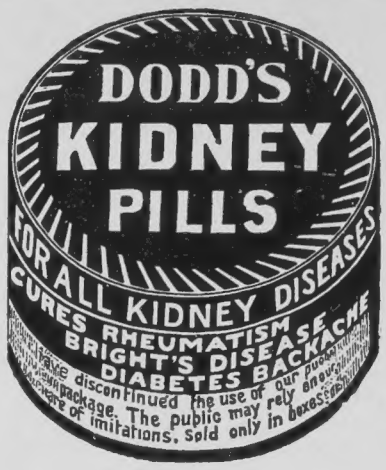
Put three candies, peanuts, or any small article that is eatable, each under a hat, and then show your audience that you have nothing hidden in your hands or about your person.

Next have one in the audience, if he wishes, mark the articles in order to identify them.

Then lift the hat from each one and slowly eat the article that is under each, and then tell the audience that you will bring the three articles under any hat they may select.

How is it done? Simply by placing the hat selected on your head.—Detroit Free Press.

Treat your music cabinet and the separate books and sheets of music as you did your books and cases. The same little insects attack both.



Lift Three Toothpicks with a Fourth.

To lift three toothpicks with a fourth, without touching them with the hand, split the end of a wooden toothpick, A, so that the end of a second, B, may be inserted at a slight angle. Support them with a third toothpick, C, placed against the two that have been joined together, making a tripod, which will stand alone. Thrust a stick or another pick, D, between the two, A and B, which are joined, and the loose one, C. Press gently against A and B near the top of the pyramid allowing the pick, C, to fall down on to the stick held in the hand. Next allow A and B, which are resting against one side of the stick, to come forward and over the end of C, which will protrude up between the joint and the stick, D. Lift all together.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

The Will o' the Wisp.

'Tis a Will o' the Wisp you follow, my dear,
'Tis a Will o' the Wisp you follow;
'Twill fade with the breaking day, my dear,
When the day breaks over the hollow.

'Tis a Wisp that I well did know, my dear,
'Tis a Wisp that I well did know;
For I once did follow the Wisp, my dear;
Yes, once, in the long ago.

And the day broke o'er the valley, my dear;
Broke in a threat'ning grey;
And the Will o' the Wisp, it fled, my dear,
Fled at the breaking day.

And I wept for the loss of the Wisp, my dear;
Foolishly wept for its loss;
And I knelt by the waters of Death, my dear,
And watched the dim light drift across.

I thought not of where it had led, my dear—
I thought not of where it had led;
I saw but its changing colors, my dear—
Its yellow, its blue, and its red.

The sight had dazzled my eyes, my dear;
I knew not whither to go;
I saw but the glittering prize, my dear,
As it still swayed to and fro.

And the grey morn rose on high, my dear,
The grey morn rose on high;
The sun shone out from the clouds, my dear,
The sun shone out from the sky.

I could see my pathway stretch on, my dear,
I could see my pathway stretch clear;
I could see the goal to be won, my dear—
The goal to which I must steer.

So the Will o' the Wisp, I forgot, my dear;
The Will o' the Wisp I forgot;
E'en now of his pranks I think not, my dear;
Of his tempting pranks I think not.

Parting the Hair.

Parting the hair in the middle is returning to favor. Once upon a time all women parted their hair in the middle, and it was looked on as so thoroughly feminine a habit that men who followed it a decade or two ago were laughed at as effeminate. Then the fashion switched from one sex to the other. Men whose achievements in the war for wealth or the struggle for fame left no room for ridicule began to divide their stubborn locks evenly. Women, on the other hand, took to putting their tresses on the side. Now the middle part is restored to its rightful owner, Miladi Beautiful, and it promises to be universal among women before long.

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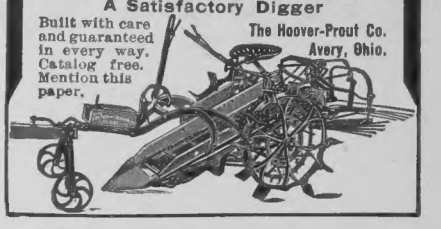

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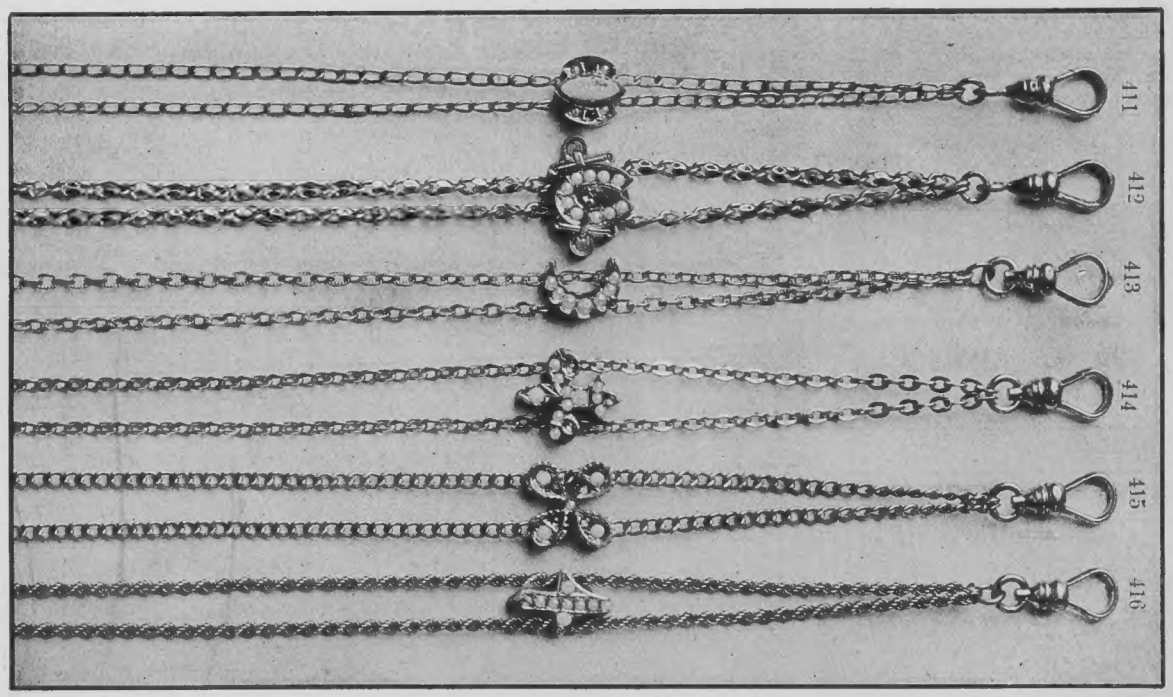

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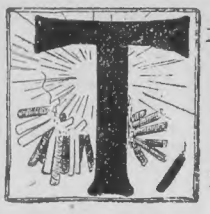

TO OUR READERS

Ralph Connor.

We publish in this issue and next a biographical sketch of Rev. C. W. Gordon, who has become celebrated as "Ralph Connor." Mr. Gordon has gained a world-wide popularity by his peerless books on Western life, so that anything he writes is eagerly read by thousands of admirers. We are glad to announce that in this issue and next we are enabled to publish some things about the renowned author which the public has never yet seen; also his views of the novel, the West, and the political and religious worlds.

Rev. James L. Gordon and Young Men.

It is with pleasure we announce that we have secured Rev. Jas. L. Gordon to write for our Young Men's Department. Mr. Gordon is one of the most popular preachers in the Dominion. For five years he crowded the great Bond St. Church, of Toronto. The success which he had in that city has followed him to Winnipeg. His specialty is young men. For some years he was secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in Boston, Mass. Few men know the young man's problems better than Mr. Gordon. Don't forget to read his remarks.

Recent automatic machinery installed in the factory of the Great West Wire Fence Company is now turning out fencing to fill orders for the Rankin patent lock wire fence that has met with such ready sale in the West. The company is looking for agents in each locality, and are issuing a handsome catalogue, sent to anyone on request.

"Wonderland 1905" is a handsome book of illustrations and descriptive matter of the region passed through by the Northern Pacific Railway. It is printed for general distribution and can be secured by sending six cents to A. M. Cleland, St. Paul, Minn., general passenger agent of the road.

An expensive reproduction in numerous rich colors of a restful library scene in Britain is an appropriate suggestion of the title "Royal Household," the flour manufactured by the Ogilvie Milling Company, of Montreal.

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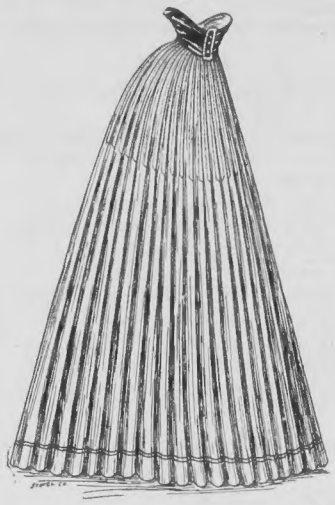

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